Week ending January 25 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

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HORNBLOWER and the Spanish Slaver

by C. S. FORESTER

Personal Portrait: The Archbishop of Canterbury

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

E. S. Turner overheard a fascinating conversation

FRIENDS and relatives of Ernest Sackville Turner can never be sure that their conversations will not confront them some day in print. For Turner, a freelance writer who was born in Liverpool forty-eight years ago, believes that there's a potential article or story in practically every waking moment of his life.

His latest duologue, "Typing Pool," in our feature *In Short* (page 12) is a good example. About thirty years ago Turner, then a reporter on a Glasgow evening paper, overheard two secretaries discussing the thrill they got out of linking their initials with those of their bosses on business letters.

"I knew I could use that conversation some day," he says. "It has stuck so forcibly in my mind that I knew it would interest other people."

Turner, who until recently was the editor of an army magazine, started his journalistic career court reporting in the notorious Gorbals district of Glasgow. "Those were the days of riots and gang fights," he says. "Once I got mixed up in a mounted police charge and had to flee for my life."

Now he divides his time between writing at his home in Orpington, Kent, and doing research in the British Museum for his sixth book.

He met his wife Helen on a visit to New York. "She was a secretary in Wall Street," says Turner, "but she denies that she ever had any romantic interest in her boss's initials."

AFTER his National Service with the R.A.F. at Cardington in Bedfordshire, twenty-six year old Roland Fiddy, who drew the cartoon on page 22, decided that he would be a serious painter. He took a studio in a warehouse overlooking the fishing boats at Plymouth, where other serious artists congregate, grew a large moustache (which, he confesses, drooped a bit) and plunged into the Bohemian life. "For a year I painted the grim and the tragic," he says. "It was quite fun until one day I realized that I couldn't go on being broke for the rest of my life. So I turned to the light and the merry, and became a cartoonist."

In his new vocation Fiddy, a bachelor, went to London and took a flat at Ham Common. Success came swiftly, for he estimates that he has drawn six hundred cartoons, most of which he has sold. "My best ideas come when I am tired. But my working hours are dictated by my moods and by the weather."

Although he finds that drawing is the most lucrative career he has yet tried, Fiddy still yearns sometimes to return to teaching, which he gave up for art. This week's cartoon is on one of his favourite humorous subjects: the do-it-yourself vogue. "But I am a complete duffer at doing-it-myself," he says. "At a junior school in Bristol I had to teach all subjects, including one called handwork, where the pupils had to make objects out of odd materials. Little did they know that I was never more than one step ahead of them."

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SEE PAGES 27, 28, 29, 30 & 31

Free Speech

- **Five-day week—so he works six**
- **The army uses boys on men's jobs**
- **An unfair form of taxation**

AFTER a great deal of trouble, a firm near my home has agreed to give a five-day week to its employees, one of whom lives next door to me. The employees claimed that five days' work a week was enough, and that they needed two rest days a week.

What happens? My neighbour promptly goes out and gets himself another job to do on his day off "because I can't manage on what I earn."

I can see the day coming when men will work at one job for three days, then do another job for another three days, draw a fortnight's pay for a week's work, and live like kings on the odd day of rest they have left. What a delightful state of affairs that is!—H. F., Bradford, Yorkshire.

Pedestrian Perils

Always the cry is "better roads for motorists." Why not better pavements for pedestrians?

CHEMIST
INVI'BLE MEND
BODY REPAIRS
CAUTION DEAD SLOW

I live in a lovely old city which has very narrow pavements. When it rains we are splashed from head to foot by motorists who race through wet gutters. The old flagstones are so uneven it is the easiest thing in the world to slip.

Why does nobody consider the poor pedestrian?—M. B., Hampshire.

Wide Awake

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster's story, "We Awaken France For D-Day" (JOHN BULL, December 21), reminds me that much of France was already awake.

In a leading girls' school in Paris, a French friend of mine, who was a mistress there, found every staircase, landing and balustrade covered in tiny paper boats on the morning of D-Day, long before any announcement of the Allied landings had been made.

It was a charming gesture by the two thousand pupils of a school which had contributed much to the Resistance, with which several members of the staff were actually serving.—MISS F. SCOTT, The Drive, Hove, Sussex.

Offspring Sling

Why don't women in this country carry their offspring snugly and safely against their bodies, as do millions of Asian and African women? While living in Africa I practised what I preach, after being shown how to tie an infant on to my back in a shawl. Here, excellent shoulder slings are available, and I recently congratulated one sensible woman I saw using one; her one-year-old slept across her hip while she tried on hats with both hands.

Meanwhile prams grow snobbishly bigger, clutter the pavements and bash ankles.—MRS. K. L. SIMMS, Carnamena Avenue, Castlereagh, Belfast.

Same Value, Anyway

Everyone seems to pronounce threepence differently. I have heard threppence, thruppence, three-pence, and, in the north-east, thrippence. There may well be other ways.—W. WILDRIDGE, Whitby Road, Slough, Buckinghamshire.

H. W. Fowler, the accepted authority on English usage, advised: "Pronounce as your neighbours do, not better."

Tripod Trouble

I was in the grounds of Windsor Castle, and was setting up a camera tripod to take a photograph. A uniformed official asked me to dismantle the tripod, because they were not allowed in the castle grounds. I have often puzzled over this since. What is the reason? Could it be that the tripod and the black cloth over the photographer's head would make a most suitable mounting and disguise for a lethal weapon—a machine-gun, for example?—K. G. HODSON, Ridge Walk, Lightwood, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

"We are not trying to prevent amateur photographers from taking pictures in the Castle grounds," says a spokesman of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. "But, because fashion photographers, film publicity men and others would like to use the Castle as a background, we have to exercise some control. The ruling is that a tourist may take what photographs he likes with a hand camera, but that nobody may use a tripod without permission. If a tripod is needed for a reasonable purpose, permission may well be granted. There is no question of preventing the use of tripods because they might mask lethal weapons."

Keep In A Cool Place

I went to a store to buy a brass companion set. They had a good selection, but in every case the poker was so short that it would be impossible to poke a fire without burning one's fingers.

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH

The salesman was startled when I mentioned this. "A tall poker sticking out would spoil the design," he said. "Anyway, nobody buys a companion set to *use*; they are really ornaments."—MRS. E. PALMER, Westcliff Park Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

The Blank Look

I was most interested in your book extract, "Stamps Are My Fortune" (JOHN BULL, January 4). A few weeks ago my daughter obtained two stamps from a machine and found that they were blank, except that the face side was printed in plain orange. We kept them, wondering if they had any value.—MRS. E. M. WRIGHT, Lytham Road, Southport.

"It is possible," says a dealer, "that the stamps could have a value of up to a few pounds, but not more. Without seeing them it is impossible to say what the value would be. It would not, however, be very great. Minor misprints or variations of perforation are not necessarily of substantial value."

Young Man, Big Job

Without in any way reflecting on the resource and courage displayed by Driver Malcolm Trevor Bignall ("The Runaway Monster of Hurstbourne Tarrant," JOHN BULL, January 4), would it not be pertinent to ask what he, at the age of nineteen, was doing in charge of a seventy-two ton vehicle?

Nobody under twenty-one can hold a civilian licence to drive heavy goods vehicles, yet the Services are allowed to send these huge vehicles on to Britain's overcrowded and inadequate roads with inexperienced youths at the wheel.

I don't suggest that in this particular case an older, more experienced driver could have done any more than Driver Bignall, but I do suggest that as a matter of policy the Services should conform to the law of the land.—J. M. STEVENS, Whitchurch, Pangbourne, Berkshire.

"The Road Traffic Act restriction on drivers under twenty-one does not apply to the armed forces," says the War Office. "We MUST use National Servicemen as drivers, otherwise the army just wouldn't function. They are not allowed to drive heavy transport vehicles until they have been trained to do so."

Just An Excuse

So seals are the culprits now ("Nursemaid On Seal Island," JOHN BULL, December 28). When we lived in the Hebrides a few years ago, cormorants were supposed to be emptying the sea of fish, and were being shot by every fool with a gun at a time when trawlers were dumping their catches in the sea because prices did not come up to expectation. Are people in the islands so needy that what the seals and cormorants eat would relieve their need? Or is this just another excuse for slaughter?—E. H. PRICE, Hendre, Harlech, Merioneth.

. . . The loss of revenue to the salmon-fishing industry in fish damaged by grey seals, and subsequently caught, is about £30,000 a year. If the seals eat one fish for every one they damage and which subsequently escapes—and they eat at least that number—the loss to the salmon industry in Scotland is £100,000 a year, at a most conservative estimate.

The industry wants to control the breeding of grey seals, not to exterminate them. Since 1950 the seal population of The Farnes has increased from two thousand to three thousand, and in twenty years it has increased six times.

What we of the salmon-fishing industry want to do is to destroy about half the annual crop of calves on The Farnes—four hundred out of eight hundred—to keep the number of seals within reasonable limits.—R. S. HOLMES, Bridge Street, Berwick-on-Tweed.

"In its wild state, a full-grown grey seal will eat rather more than a stone of fish every day," says the London Zoo.

The Man Who Stopped

In the country, I ran over a chicken which rocketed across my path. I picked it up and carried it to the farmhouse, where I explained to the farmer's wife what had happened, and offered to pay for the damage. She refused to accept any payment, saying that this was the fifty-second fowl she had had killed on the road this year, and that I was the first driver to stop—apart from the ones who halted long enough to scoop up the bird and take it away with them. I wondered how much wire netting could be bought for the price of fifty-two chickens.—J. K. M., Belfast.

Passing It On

Import prices have fallen rather a lot during the past year, yet the cost of living has continued to rise. I think the housewife has a right to know why, during this period of falling world prices, she has to pay more for the goods she buys. Who gets the obvious profit, manufacturer or shopkeeper?—J. F. ANDERSON, Wansbeck Avenue, Cullercoats, North Shields, Northumberland.

"The effect of import prices on the cost of living is limited," says the Board of Trade. "It is true that they have fallen, but home costs—labour and fuel in particular—have gone up, and they are the principal contributors to the higher cost of living."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WHAT a day it's been! They've studied the beaches from Majorca to Monte, cruised in the Med, flown the Atlantic and done the Paris itinerary. And now the fun is over: outside lies reality, smoke, rain and influenza germs. Perhaps, though, it isn't all glamour in artist Critchlow's cover office, despite those beguiling brochures and cardboard bathing belles. With the needs of 1,400,000 Britons who now go abroad for holidays to cater for, and the inquiries of two million overseas visitors to answer, it can't be all sunshine for those whose business is your pleasure.

JOHN BULL
HORNBLOWER

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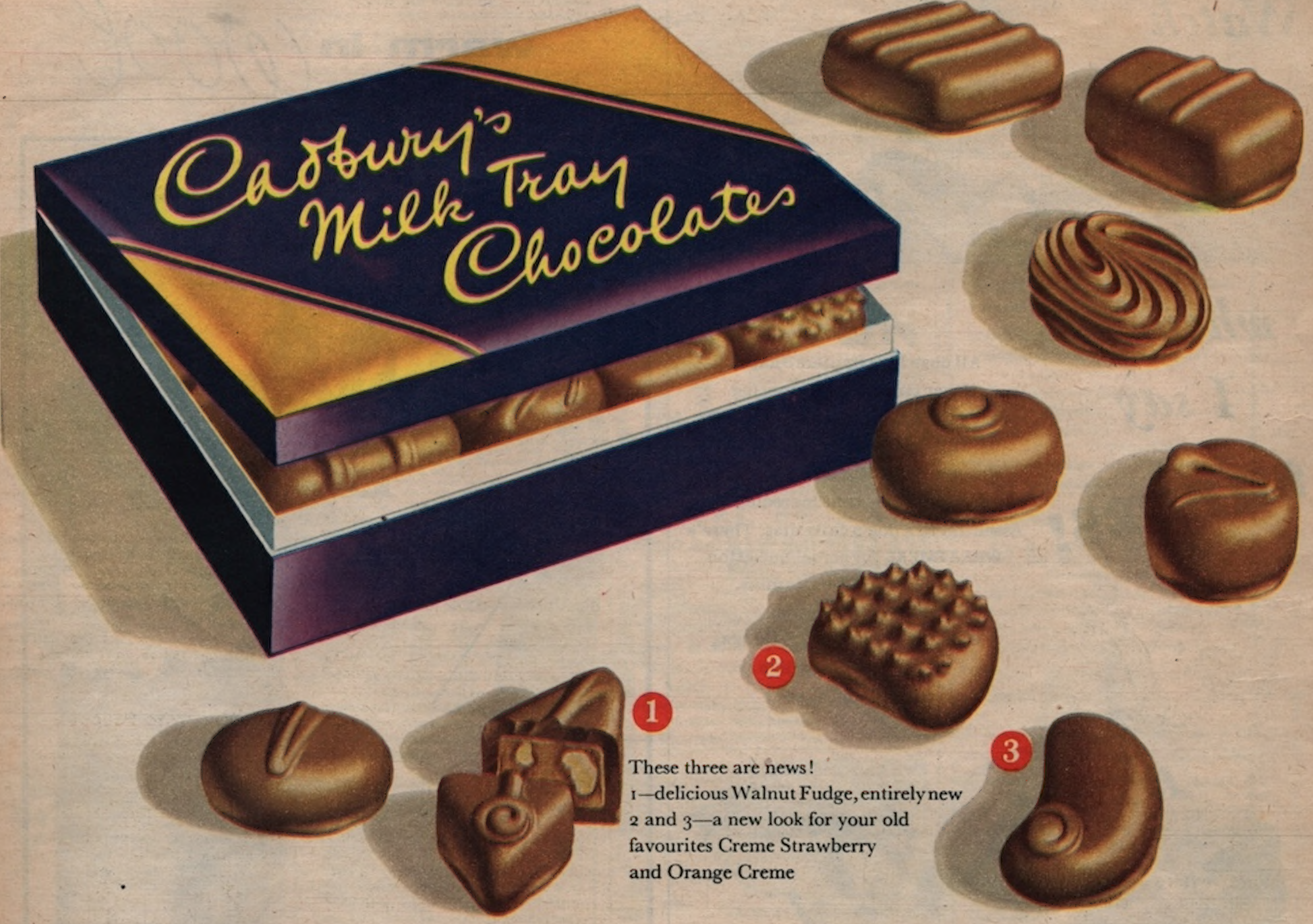
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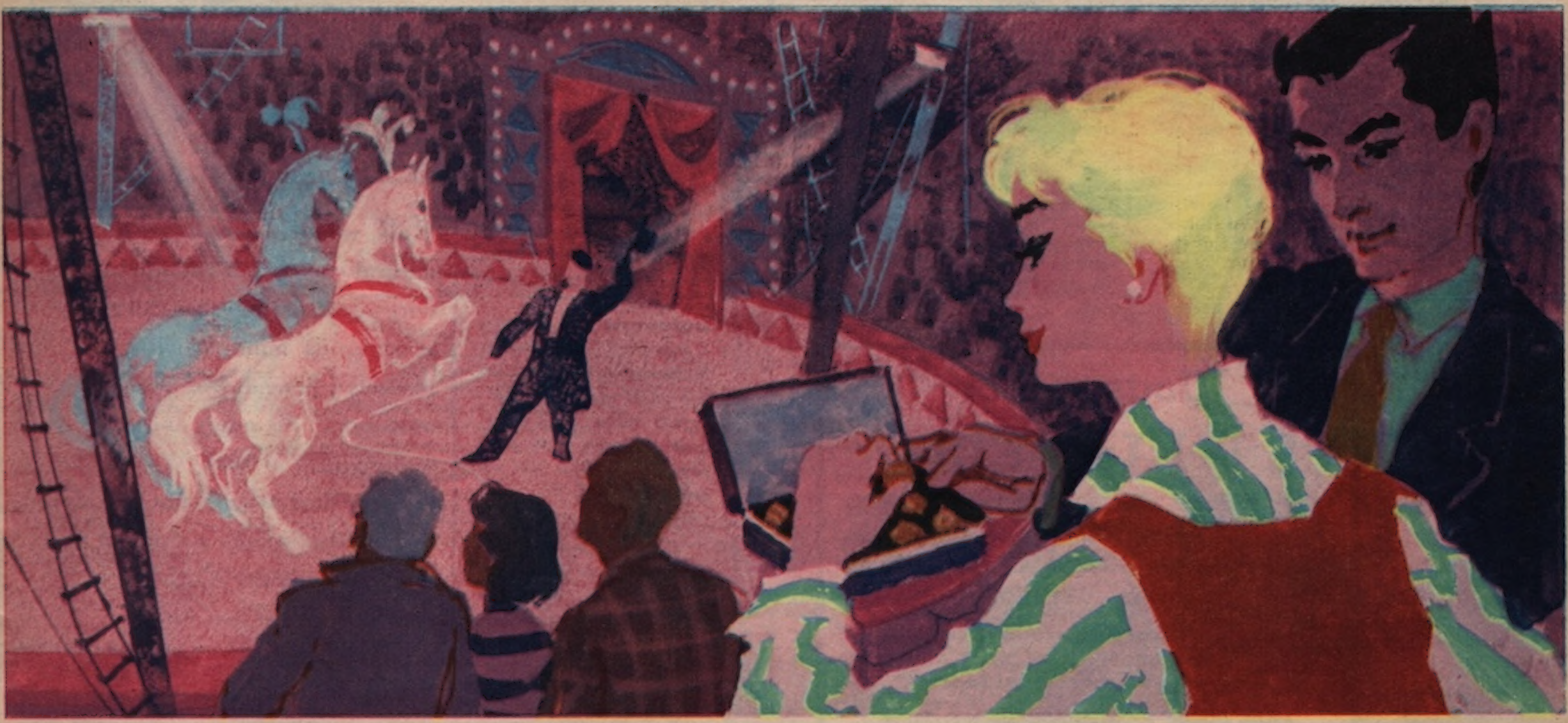

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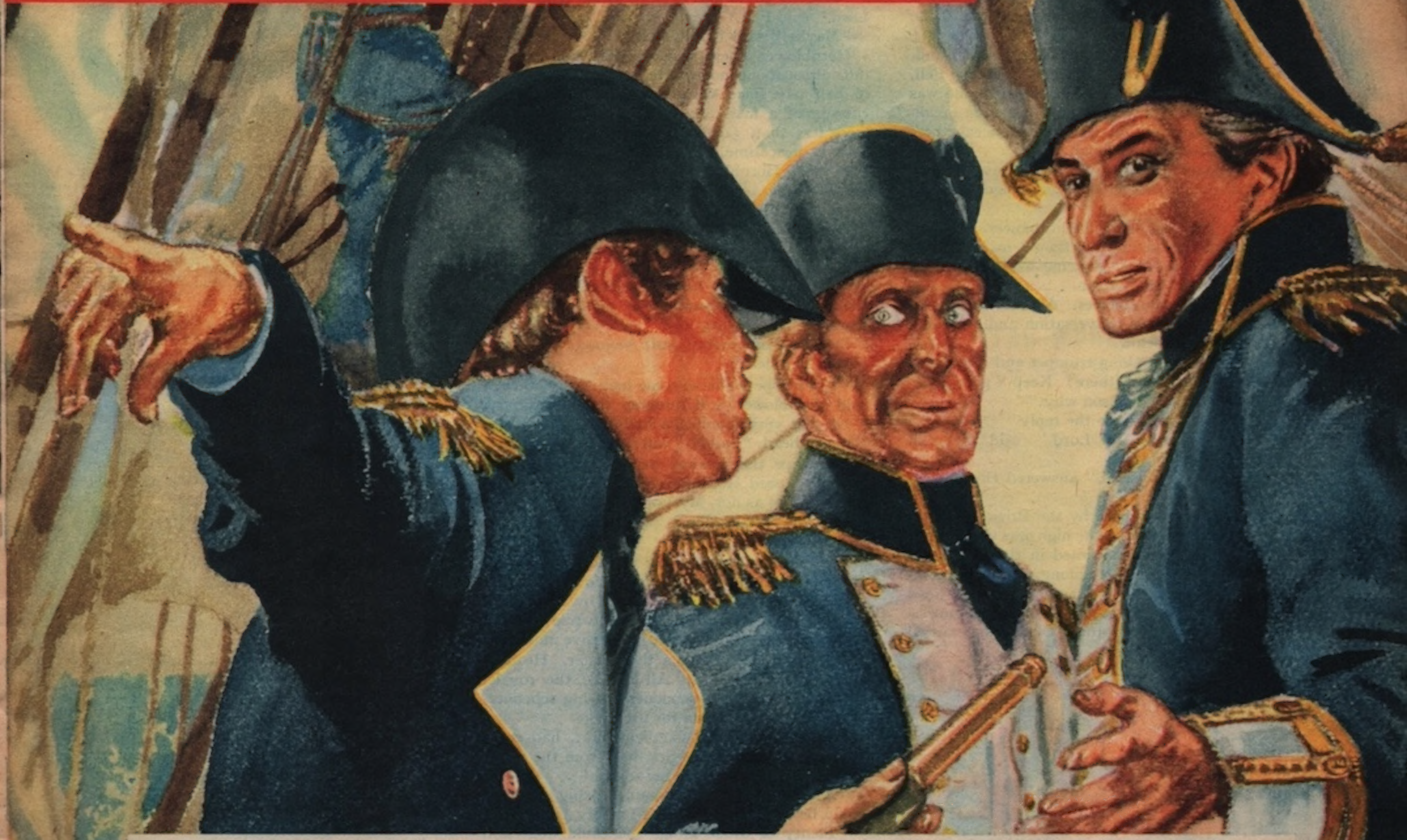
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR *wool*

Britain's most famous sailor in a new adventure story—by C. S. FORESTER



"There she is," yelled Gerard. "Coming down fast. . . ." Hornblower saw the rakish masts. She might be a slaver

Hornblower and the Spanish Slaver

LORD HORNBLOWER, Commander-in-Chief on the West Indian Station, stood on the quarterdeck of His Britannic Majesty's frigate Clorinda, balancing easily as she reached to windward under moderate sail, and allowed the morning sunshine to stream down on him and the trade wind to blow round his ears.

With the pitch and the roll as Clorinda shouldered against the sea, the shadows of the weather rigging swooped back and forth over the deck; when she took a roll to windward, towards the nearly level morning sun, the shadows of the ratlines of the mizzen shrouds flicked across his eyes in rapid succession, hypnotically adding to his feeling of well-being. To be a Commander-in-Chief, with nothing more to worry about than the suppression of the slave trade, the hunting down of piracy and the policing of the Caribbean, was an experience more pleasant than any emperor, or even any poet, could ever know.

The appearance of Captain Sir Thomas Fell on the quarterdeck took something away from the feeling of well-being. Sir Thomas was a gloomy, lantern-jawed individual who would feel it his duty to come and be polite to his admiral.

"Good morning, My Lord," said Fell, touching his hat.

"Good morning, Sir Thomas," replied Hornblower, returning the salute.

"A fine fresh morning, My Lord."

"Yes, indeed."

Sir Thomas was looking over his ship with a captain's eye, along the decks, up aloft, and then turning aft to observe where, right astern, a smudgy line on the horizon marked the position of the hills of Puerto Rico. Hornblower suddenly

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

realized that he wanted his breakfast more than anything on earth. But he could not turn away and go below without exchanging a few more sentences with Fell.

"Maybe we'll catch something today, My Lord," said Fell; instinctively, with the words, the eyes of both men turned aloft to where a lookout sat perched up at the dizzy height of the main top-gallant masthead.

"Let's hope we do," said Hornblower; and, because he had never succeeded in liking Fell, and because the last thing he wanted to do was to enter into a technical discussion before breakfast, he blundered on so as to conceal these feelings: "It's likely enough."

"The Spaniards will want to run every cargo they can before the convention's signed," said Fell.

"So we decided," agreed Hornblower.

"And this is the landfall they'd make," went on Fell remorselessly, glancing astern again at Puerto Rico on the horizon.

"Yes," said Hornblower. Another minute or two of this pointless conversation and he would be free to escape below.

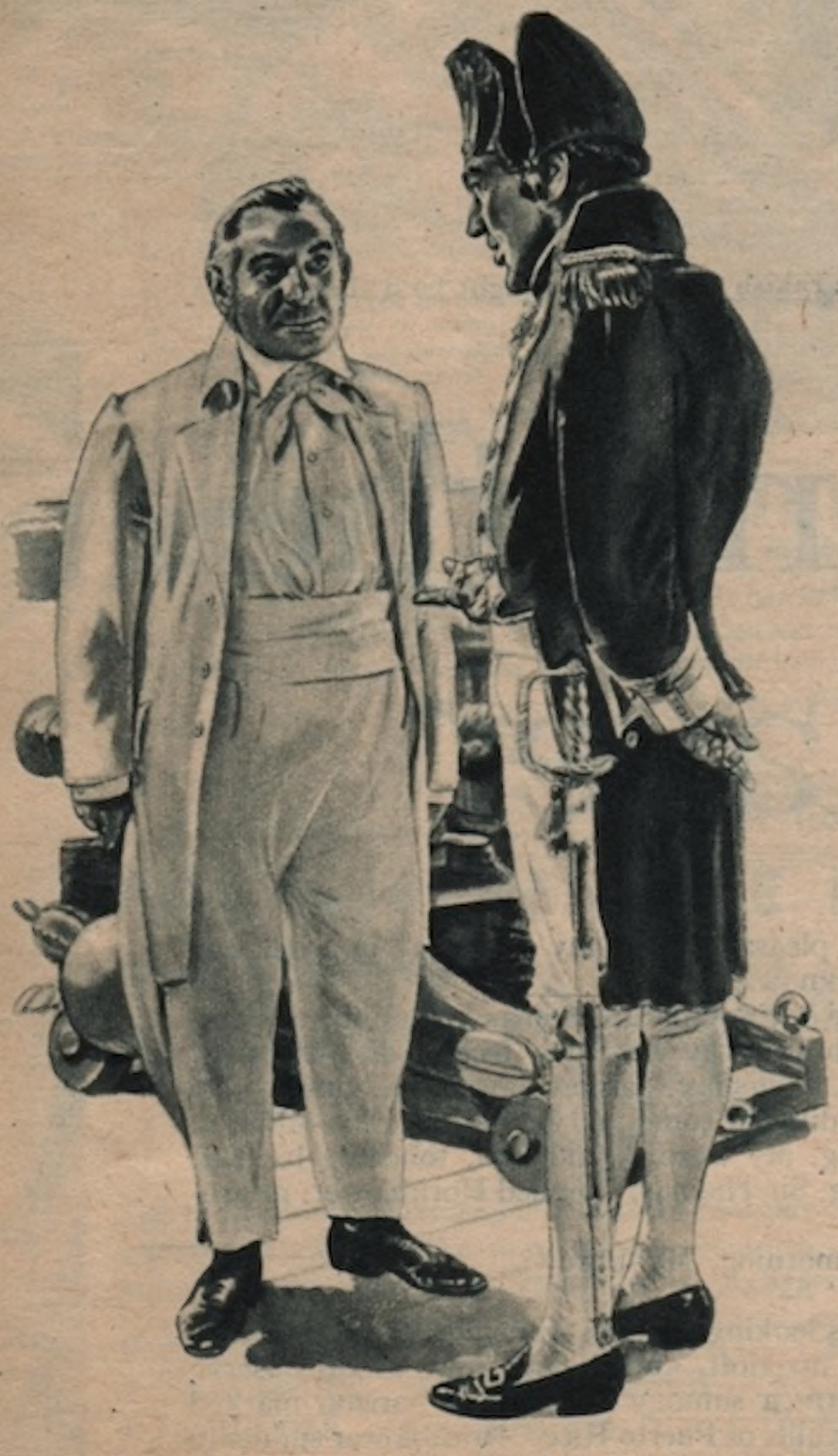
Fell took the speaking trumpet and directed it upwards. "Masthead, there! Keep a good lookout or I'll know the reason why."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the reply.

"Head money, My Lord," said Fell, in apologetic explanation.

"We all find it useful," answered Hornblower politely.

Head money was paid by the British Government for slaves freed on the high seas to the ships of the Royal Navy concerned in the capture of the slaves, and divided among the ship's company like any other prize money. At £5 a head a big capture could bring in a substantial sum to the ship making the capture. Of that substantial sum, one-quarter went to the captain. On the other hand, one-eighth went to the admiral commanding, wherever he happened to be. Hornblower, with twenty ships at sea under his command, was entitled to one-eighth of all their head money.



Stuart eyed Hornblower closely. "The Spaniard sails at dawn tomorrow," he said. "Unless, of course, your ship is lying outside the port"

"Nobody could find it more useful than I, My Lord," said Fell.

"Maybe," said Hornblower.

Hornblower knew vaguely that Fell was in difficulties about money. He had had many years of half pay since Waterloo, and even now, as captain of a fifth-rate, his pay and allowances were less than £20 a month—lucky though he was, in peacetime, to have command even of a fifth-rate. Hornblower had had experience himself of being a poor captain, of wearing cotton stockings instead of silk and brass epaulettes instead of gold. But he had no desire whatever to discuss the Tables of Personal Pay before breakfast.

"Lady Fell, My Lord," went on Fell, persistently, "has a position to maintain in the world."

She was an extravagant woman, so Hornblower had heard.

"Let's hope we have some luck today, then," said Hornblower, still thinking about breakfast.

At that very moment a hail came down from the masthead. "Sail ho! Sail right to wind'ard!"

"Perhaps that's what we're waiting for, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

"As likely as not, My Lord. Masthead, there! How's the sail heading? Mr. Sefton, bring the ship to the wind."

Hornblower backed away to the weather-rail. He felt he could never grow used to his situation as admiral, and having to stand by and be no more than an interested spectator while the ship he was in was being handled at decisive moments.

"Deck, there! She's a two-master. Heading straight down for us. All sail to the royals. Captain, sir, she's a schooner. A big schooner, sir. Still running down for us."

Young Gerard, the flag-lieutenant, had come running on deck at the first hail from the masthead, to his place beside his admiral.

"A tops'l schooner," he said. "A big one. She could be what we're looking for, My Lord."

"Plenty of other things she could be," said Hornblower, doing his best to conceal his absurd excitement.

Gerard had his telescope pointing to windward.

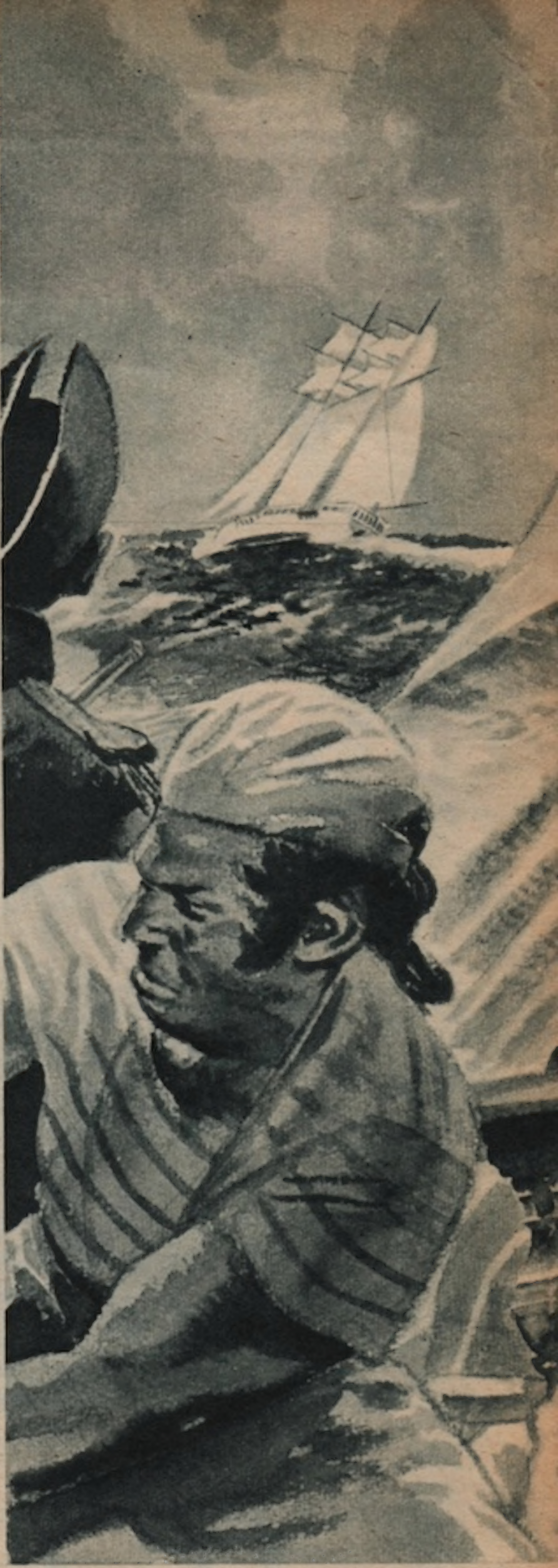
"There she is. Coming down fast, right enough. Look at the rake of those masts. Look at the cut of those tops'ls. My Lord, she's no island schooner."

It would not be a very remarkable coincidence if she should be a slaver; Hornblower had brought Clorinda here to the windward of San Juan in the full expectation that slave cargoes would be hurrying here. Spain was meditating joining in the suppression of the slave trade, and every slaver would be tempted to run cargoes and take advantage of enhanced prices before the prohibition should take effect.

The main slave market for the Spanish colonies was at Havana, a thousand miles to leeward, but it could be looked upon as certain that Spanish slavers, making their passage from the Slave Coast, would touch first at Puerto Rico to refill with water, if not to dispose of part of their cargo. It had only been logical to station Clorinda to intercept them.

Hornblower took the telescope and trained it on the fast nearing schooner. He saw what Gerard had spoken about. She was hull up now, and he could see how heavily sparred she was, and how built for speed. With those fine lines it could only pay for her to carry highly perishable cargo—human cargo.

As he looked, he saw the rectangles of her square sails narrow vertically; the small distance between her masts widened greatly. She was wheeling away from the waiting Clorinda—a final proof, if any were needed, that she was what she appeared to be. Laying herself on the starboard tack, she proceeded to keep at a safe distance, and to increase that distance as fast as possible.



Helpless with fury as the slaver sped across

"Mr. Sefton," shouted Fell. "Fill the main tops'l. After her, on the starboard tack! Set the royals."

In an orderly and disciplined rush, some of the hands hurried to the braces while others scurried aloft to set more sail. It was only a matter of moments before Clorinda, as close-hauled as she would lie, was thrashing to windward in pursuit.

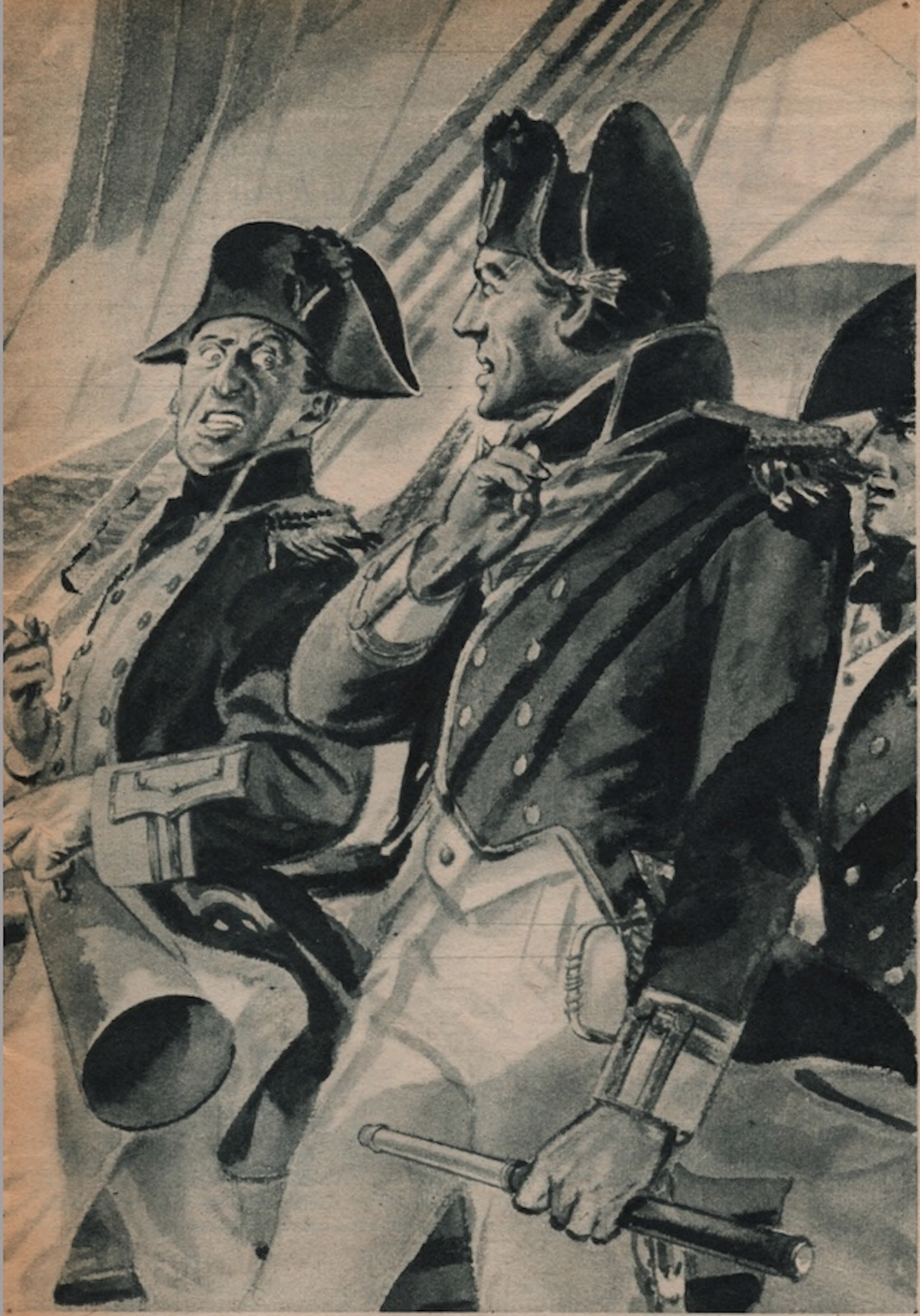
With everything braced up sharp, and carrying every inch of sail that the brisk trade wind would allow, she lay steeply over, plunging through the sea, each wave in turn bursting on her weather bow with the spray flying aft in sheets, and the taut weather-rigging shrieking in the wind. It was a remarkable transition from the quiet that had reigned not so long ago.

"Hoist the colours," ordered Fell. "Let's see what she says she is."

Through the telescope Hornblower watched the schooner hoist her colours in reply—the red and yellow of Spain.

"You see, My Lord?" asked Fell.

"Pardon, Cap'n," interposed Sefton, the officer of the watch. "I know who she is. I saw



their bows, Fell swung round on his admiral. "I'll see him damned for this, My Lord," he cried

her twice last commission. She's the Estrella, sir. The Estrella del Sur—the Star of the South, sir."

"I know about her, then," said Hornblower. "Her captain's Gomez—runs four hundred slaves every passage, if he doesn't lose too many."

"Four hundred!" repeated Fell.

Hornblower saw a momentary calculating look pass over Fell's face. Five pounds a head meant £2,000; a quarter of that was £500. Two years' pay at one swoop.

Fell darted glances aloft and overside. "Keep your luff, there," he shouted at the helmsman. "Mr. Sefton! Hands to the bowlines there, for'ard."

"She's weathering on us," said Gerard, the glass to his eye.

"I'll have her yet," said Fell. "Mr. Sefton! Call all hands. Run out the guns on the weather side. Mr. James! Find Mr. Noakes. Tell him to start the water. Hands to the pumps, Mr. Sefton. Pump her dry."

Hands came pouring up through the hatchway. With the gunports opened, the guns' crews flung their weight on the gun tackles, inch by inch dragging the guns on the weather side up the steep slope presented by the heeling deck. The rumble of the wooden wheels over the seams of the planking made a stirring sound; it had been the preliminary of many a desperate fight in the old days. Now the guns were merely being run out in order to keep the ship on a slightly more even keel, giving her a better grip on the water and minimizing leeway.

Hornblower watched the pumps being manned; the hands threw their weight on the handles with a will, the rapid clank-clank proving how hard they were at work, pumping overside the twenty tons of drinking water which might be thought of as the lifeblood of a cruising ship. But the slight reduction of draught that would result might, combined with the running out of the weather guns, add a few yards to her speed.

The call for all hands had brought up on deck Mr. Erasmus Spendlove, Hornblower's secretary. He looked round him at the organized confusion with that air of Olympian superiority which always delighted Hornblower.

"You see the vulgar herd all hard at work, Mr. Spendlove," said Hornblower.

"Truly they appear to be, My Lord." Spendlove looked to windward at the Estrella. "I trust their labours will not be in vain."

Fell bustled by, still looking up at the rigging and overside at the Estrella. "Mr. Sefton! Call the carpenter. I'll have the wedges of the mainmast knocked loose. More play there may give us more speed."

Hornblower caught a change of expression on Spendlove's face, and their eyes met. Spendlove was a profound student of the theory of ship design, and Hornblower was a man with a lifetime of experience. The glance they exchanged, brief as it was, was enough for each to know that the other thought the new plan unwise.

"Can't say we're doing any better, My Lord," said Gerard, from behind his telescope.

The Estrella was perceptibly farther ahead and more to windward. If she wished, she would run Clorinda practically out of sight by noon.

Hornblower observed an odd expression on Spendlove's face. He was testing the air with his nose, sniffing curiously at the wind as it blew past him. It occurred to Hornblower that once or twice he had been aware that the clean trade wind had momentarily been tainted with a hint of a horrible stench. He himself tried the air again, and caught another musky whiff. He knew what it was. The trade wind, blowing straight from the Estrella to the Clorinda, was bearing with it the reek from the crowded slave ship, tainting the air over the clean blue sea far to leeward of her.

"We can be sure she's carrying a full cargo," he said.

FELL was still endeavouring to improve Clorinda's sailing qualities. "Mr. Sefton! Set the hands to work carrying shot up to wind'ard."

"She's altering course." Half a dozen voices made the announcement at the same moment.

"Belay that order, Mr. Sefton."

Fell's telescope, like all the others, was trained on the Estrella. She had put her helm up a little, and was turning to cross Clorinda's bows.

"Damned insolence!" exclaimed Fell.

Everybody watched anxiously as the two ships proceeded headlong on converging courses.

"She'll pass us out of range," decided Gerard; the certainty became more apparent with every second of delay.

"Hands to the braces!" roared Fell. "Quartermaster! Starboard your helm! Handsomely! Handsomely! Steady as you go!"

"Two points off the wind," said Hornblower. "We stand more chance now."

Clorinda's bows were now pointed to intercept the Estrella at a far distant point, several miles ahead. Moreover, lying a little off the wind as both ships now were, it seemed probable that Estrella's fore-and-aft rig and fine lines might not convey so great an advantage.

"Take a bearing, Gerard," ordered Hornblower.

Gerard went to the binnacle and read the bearing carefully.

"My impression," said Spendlove, gazing over the blue, blue water, "is that she's still forereaching on us."

"If that's the case," said Hornblower, "then all we can hope for is that she carries something away."

"We can at least hope for it, My Lord," said Spendlove. The glance he directed upwards was indicative of his fear that it would be the Clorinda whose gear would give way.

"My Lord," said Gerard, "you've had no breakfast as yet."

Hornblower tried to conceal the discomfiture he felt at this reminder.

"Quite right, Mr. Gerard," he said, jocular, but only clumsily so. "And what of it?"

"It's my duty to remind you, My Lord," said Gerard. "Her Ladyship——"

"Her Ladyship told you to see that I took my meals regularly," replied Hornblower. "I am aware of that. But her Ladyship, owing to her inexperience, made no allowance for encounters with fast sailing slavers just at mealtimes."

"But can't I persuade you, My Lord?"

The thought of breakfast, now that it had

Continued on page 33

The radio roamers get holidays taped

They travel the world in search of snapshots in sound. It may mean going up mountains on horseback—or almost being drowned in the Blue Danube

by PETER JACKSON

Sometimes Arthur Phillips, producer of *Holiday Hour*, takes his wife on one of his working holidays. In Madeira they chat to a local boy

Patricia Brent went hunting for folk-music in Macedonia. She had to smuggle her recording machine into a theatre. Phillips plays back the tape she made

ONE evening during the autumn of 1953 Arthur Phillips, a B.B.C. producer, went home and told his wife that a suddenly arranged business trip meant the postponement of the family holiday at Westgate-on-Sea, planned for the following week. That weekend Phillips flew out to Majorca and booked in at an hotel overlooking the Mediterranean. For the next few days he joined the tourists who strolled about the island, lingered in the market-place, relaxed in pavement cafés, rode donkeys along the sea-front, sun-bathed on the sands and watched cabaret turns in nightclubs. Then he flew to London, had his Majorca expenses covered by the B.B.C., and arranged for that delayed holiday.

"The Mediterranean outing was all part of my work," says Phillips, a burly, pink-cheeked Londoner who produces the Sunday evening radio programme, *Holiday Hour*. Wearing sky-blue beach shorts, multi-coloured sports shirt and sun glasses, he had looked like any other tourist on Majorca, except that, instead of carrying a camera, he had a miniature microphone pinned to his lapel and a portable tape-recorder slung over his shoulder.

Phillips was interested in what he calls "snapshots in sound." Each summer he roams over Europe making recordings of holiday scenes for use in the following winter's broadcasts of his programme, now in its sixth series.

A Devonshire listener once wrote to the B.B.C., complaining that Phillips's job marked him as an obvious "lazy layabout." Thick files of applications from colleagues in other B.B.C. departments and from freelance broadcasters, all eager to be paid to go on holiday, ensure that Phillips is never short of would-be workmates. Most of the assignments he cannot handle himself go to outside contributors at fees which vary from ten guineas for a weekend in Morecambe to fifty guineas for an expenses-paid fortnight about the Mediterranean. Phillips aims at a wide range of commentators, but one unsuccessful candidate was an old lady who recently offered to talk for "up to two hours" on a week spent at Margate in 1949.

"For this programme I insist on more adventurous holidays," says Phillips.

On his first trip for the programme he went to Madeira with Wynford Vaughan-Thomas as his commentator. After recording the splashing of the diving boys in the harbour and the screech of bullock carts on the quay, they climbed two thousand feet up a mountain. There they got into a wicker-basket toboggan and slid down to sea level again, bouncing over cobbles, around hairpin bends, between narrow alleys, with a pack of stray dogs in pursuit. Thomas managed to keep talking all the way and, except for a headlong lurch at one sharp turn, Phillips contrived to keep the recorder upright between his knees.

Since then Phillips has sent recording teams to nearly every country between the Arctic Circle and the Middle East. Last summer, a *Holiday Hour* microphone was installed in a fishing-boat crossing the North Sea to Holland, another was fastened to the driving seat of a horse-drawn caravan touring Ireland, and a third was strapped to the middle of a double-bladed paddle with which Tony Gibson, a young freelance writer, took a canoe down the Danube.

Gibson was unable to close the spray sheet over the cockpit of his kayak because of the tape-recorder, in a bulky waterproof case, wedged between his legs. When he cut across the stern of a Danube steamer to record the throbbing of the screws at close range, the wake sent water rolling into the open cockpit and the canoe almost sank before Gibson struggled to the bank.

Celia Irving, a housewife who finds time for television and radio work, was sent up into the Austrian mountains to record impressions of a ski-ing holiday. Finding herself in difficulties when she crossed an icy slope on her way to find Hans Gruber, a senior instructor, she suddenly dropped the £150 recorder. It was slithering towards a precipice when Gruber arrived on the scene. He saved the machine a few feet from the edge, helped Mrs. Irving on to firmer ground and was interviewed for the programme.

An Austrian villager who heard of Celia Irving's visit walked from his home, "three mountains away," and offered to sing a selection of local ballads, which she promptly recorded on

Celia Irving (in dark glasses) ran into trouble on an Austrian mountain slope and dropped her tape-recorder. A ski-ing instructor saved the valuable machine on the edge of a precipice

the rescued machine. Patricia Brent, an actress-turned-journalist, another working holidaymaker, found little co-operation in searching for examples of folk music on a tour of Macedonia. Unable to get permission to record inside the national theatre at Skoplje, the capital, she smuggled her tape-recorder, wrapped in a raincoat, into one of the theatre's boxes. There she put the machine on the floor and crouched beside it to operate the controls, seeing nothing of what was happening on stage as she reached up to hold the microphone a few inches above the rim of the box.

"Nobody noticed Patricia," says Phillips, "and she brought back a tape full of folk songs. They are just what we need to establish atmosphere, but they seem to get more difficult to find as tourist influences spread across Europe."

When Phillips came across a string quartet playing traditional music in the back street of an Italian town, he positioned his microphone to catch the background creaking of a dogcart, and hoped to blend in a ripple of Latin conversation from a brightly dressed young couple sauntering towards him.

Everything went well for a few seconds after he switched on the recorder. Then a juke-box inside a nearby café blared out a Frankie Laine record, a large American car sent the dogcart scurrying, and, as the couple passed the microphone, their accents revealed them to be British holidaymakers.

Phillips waited to record the quartet without opposition from the juke-box. Then he took his machine in search of the dogcart, which he traced to a dairy on the other side of the town. On the way he found all the Latin conversation he wanted to record in a bus queue.

"By cutting the tape and overlapping the pieces, I was able to put the creaking cart and the Italian gossip back in the same street as the quartet," he says. "It gave me the complete scene I had originally expected to get, and for good measure I added a church bell I had recorded in another town. It is hardly cheating to do that when we have to suggest a whole country in a few minutes."

He scoured large areas of southern Sweden in 1955 before he found a suitably musical opening for a travelogue. When listeners afterwards complimented him on the authentic Swedish style of the musicians, he had to confess they were a Mexican, a Brazilian and a Dutchman he had recorded outside the American bar of a local hotel.

A flying-boat which took Phillips to the Italian Riviera in 1956 was wrecked by a gale shortly after alighting, and storms persisted throughout his stay. Wet and shivering as he visited windswept and deserted beauty spots, he remembered that his recordings would eventually be heard by a fireside audience on a January evening, when listeners would want to escape from the cold and rain outside the back door. He used his imagination in describing blue skies and throngs of deeply tanned tourists. He went to record some "sunny" music in the ballroom of a clifftop restaurant, but the recital had to be abandoned as a fierce gust of wind blew away the roof.

"I still came away with recordings of enough gay Italian songs to help me suggest the shimmering beaches I never found," says Phillips. "Played in the background, they also covered up any teeth-chattering in the interviews."

Nobody challenged either the subsequent broadcast, or his 1955 recordings from Greece which gave an impression of heat-wave conditions, although his visit coincided with the worst weather there for many years. Yet, after a description in one programme of a genuinely hot day at a British resort, a listener wrote in to denounce the recording as a fake, saying that he had spent the whole summer at that town and could not recall a single day without rain.

Phillips aims at a balance between attractions at home and abroad. "After the first few broadcasts we were bitterly criticized by many seaside landladies for being too foreign," he recalls. The B.B.C., reluctant at first to pick out individual resorts for publicity, eventually agreed to feature towns nominated by the British Travel and Holidays Association. This system has worked well, and the landladies have been further soothed by the inclusion of a "Bulletin Board" spot which mentions forthcoming special events throughout the country.

"It is difficult to do real justice to English resorts," Phillips says. "So much of the noise is commonplace. Abroad, a newsvendor sounds exciting; even motor horns are different. Here, a Blackpool street scene is hardly different from one in Battersea."

Harold Rogers, a contributor to the programme, has managed to find some sounds which are different by climbing Snowdon, riding through the Highlands on horseback and hiring an aeroplane for a panoramic commentary on Yarmouth. He once recorded an amateur jazz band playing in a park at Hastings against the competition of an open-air firework display. At Barmouth, his policy of always staying at a family hotel paid off as waiters, maids and barman produced musical instruments and gave informal concerts in the lounge whenever it rained.

Phillips, a one-time sound-effects boy at Savoy Hill, began his microphone travels as a war correspondent with assignments in France, Egypt and Italy up to 1945. Work on *Down Your Way* and *Welcome Stranger* led him to specialize in outside broadcasts, including the series, *The Countryside*, and *Holiday Hour*.

"Compiling a holiday programme is not so easy as it may appear," he says. "Often we have to cover a whole country in a matter of days, recording whatever material we can dig out for ourselves, and usually dealing with a population whose language we cannot speak.

"As for living in luxury, we prefer to stay at small hotels where we can get closer to the people."

He admits, however, that the accommodation is invariably lavish when the booking of hotels is left to agencies in Continental countries where the B.B.C. retains its wartime fame. Phillips and a colleague, Gordon Glover, were installed in the largest hotel in Athens when they visited Greece in 1955, and when Glover cut his toe the manager summoned the Greek royal family's physician to apply a piece of plaster.

Finishing their recordings in Greece two days ahead of schedule, Phillips and Glover decided to do some extra "work" by joining a pleasure cruise up the Adriatic.

"I first suspected something was wrong," says Phillips, "when I counted seventy people in the wheelhouse as we began to negotiate the Corinth Canal." Walking around the ship he found that there were seven hundred passengers too many. Every seat on board, including those in the lifeboats, had long been taken by the first arrivals.

"We had to stand up all the way to Venice," says Phillips. "For once I approached my job in far from holiday mood." THE END

When he is not travelling in search of romantic holidays, Phillips relaxes at his Sanderstead home with his family

IN SHORT

Per Ardua Ad Astra

On seeing an ageing Battle of Britain pilot and his wife enter the saloon bar

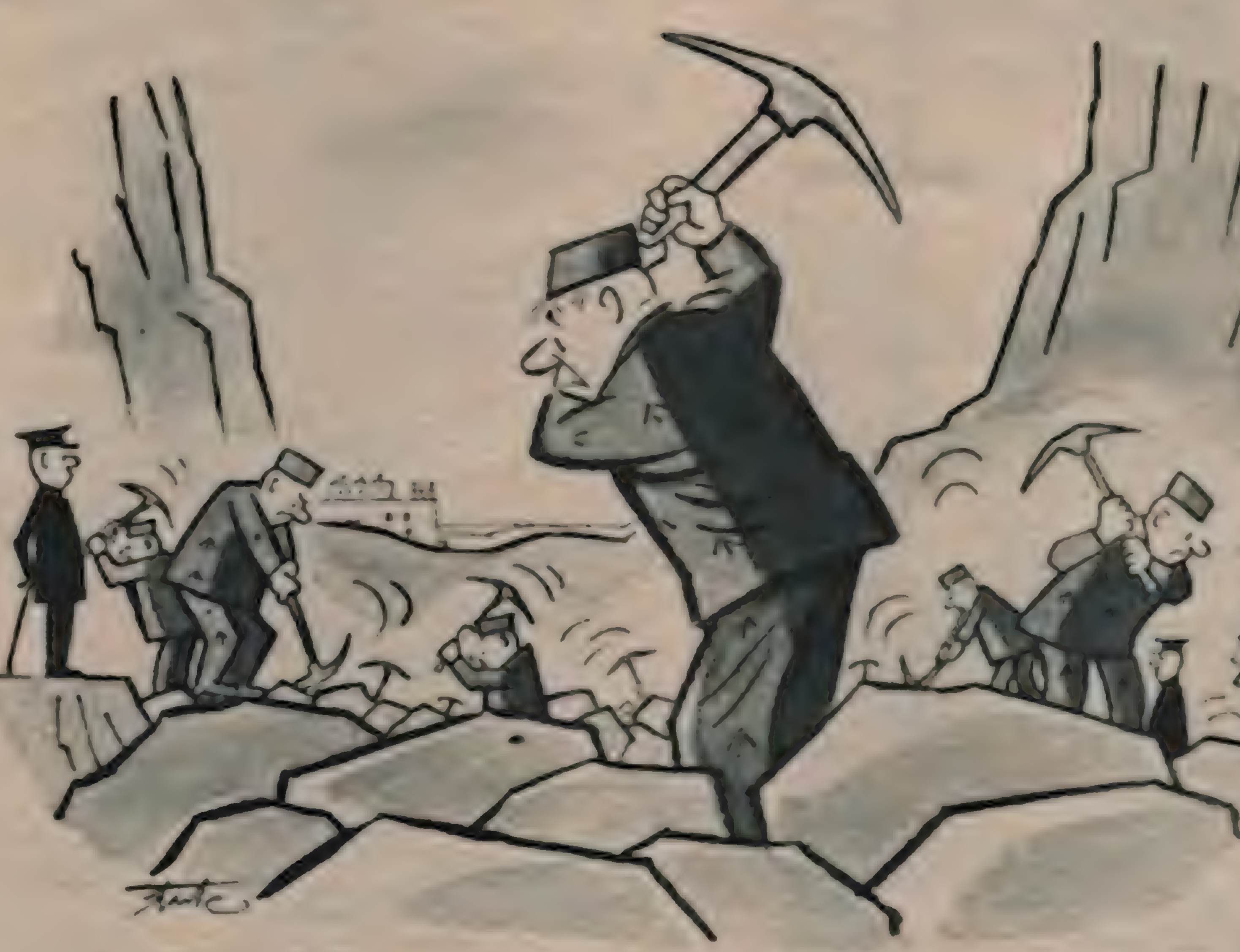
Under his nose he wore a huge moustache,
  As one who had lived through the R.A.F.
In youth, when he was scatterwit and rash;
  Now he was stout, and pink, and slightly deaf,
But still prepared to cut a sort of dash,
  And sing bold ballads in the tenor clef.

Under her nose she wore, unseen, a smell
  That raised it up to sniff the distant heights
Where social aspirations stiffly dwell;
  For she remembered still her ancient rights,
Before he cast aside his stripes, and fell
  To desk-bound days, and quiet suburban nights.

And so they stepped together to the bar.
  She was aloof, who thought herself brought low;
But he, who once had striven towards a star,
  Was cheerful still, for all the world's grey woe.
I thought I heard, from where his messmates are,
  Some whiskered angel murmur, *Wizard show.*

R. P. LISTER

Starke's Guide To Hobbies And Pastimes



"Coin collecting, or numismatology, can be exciting and unpredictable. Unhappy, indeed, is the enthusiast who is separated for long from this much-beloved hobby"

Typing Pool

There's Jane Sharp in one of her day-dreams again.

You know why, don't you?

I can't imagine.

She goes all goofy whenever she types the reference on one of B. J.'s letters.

For heaven's sake, why?

B. J./J. S. It gives her a thrill to think of all those letters going out into the world with their initials cosily linked together. The two of them separated only by the width of a stroke.

She must be crazy. How do you know?

I used to feel the same about B. J. when I was K. C. And now I'm K. W., for better or for worse.

Well, I'm R. M. and likely to stay that way.

Don't you believe it, dear.

I shouldn't think B. J. gets much of a thrill out of seeing B. J./J. S. on his letters. He often gives her a row for her punctuation.

That doesn't mean a thing. They managed to get stuck in the lift for half an hour, remember?

That was an accident.

Was it?

You don't *really* think she'll ever be J. J., do you?

I wouldn't under-estimate her. Jane's no fool. If he ever married her it would be J. J./B. J. for ever after. And he'd love it.

Personally, I can't think what you all see in him. I could type B. J./R. M. all day without getting the slightest kick out of it.

I bet you like typing M. L./R.M.

You leave M. L. out of it.

Sorry, dear.

E. S. TURNER

Foreign Affairs

Investigating a suicide, an Austrian police doctor picked up a bottle lying beside the body, tasted the contents with the tip of his tongue, then was rushed to hospital, seriously ill. It was cyanide.

Washing his hands at the Italian seaside resort of Villapiana, with a lighted candle by the basin, a man was blown violently backwards. Methane (marsh gas) oozing into a local artesian well had exploded when it bubbled through the tap.

A masked gunman dashed into a Waterville (New York) office, demanded the £2,780 payroll, then dashed out with the parcel handed to him. Later, when he opened it, he found nothing but a package of carbon paper.

The National Geographic Society reports that, after years of indecision, scientists have finally agreed that the zebra is a light-coloured animal with dark stripes, and not a dark-coloured animal with light stripes.

Pupil

My dog is slow at learning tricks,
He can't catch balls, he can't fetch sticks.
He can't stand up, he won't roll over—
He's really rather dumb, is Rover.
Yes, Rover's hard to educate,
But then, I wonder how I'd rate,
And what I'd get by way of marks
If I were tried on sniffs and barks.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Just Published

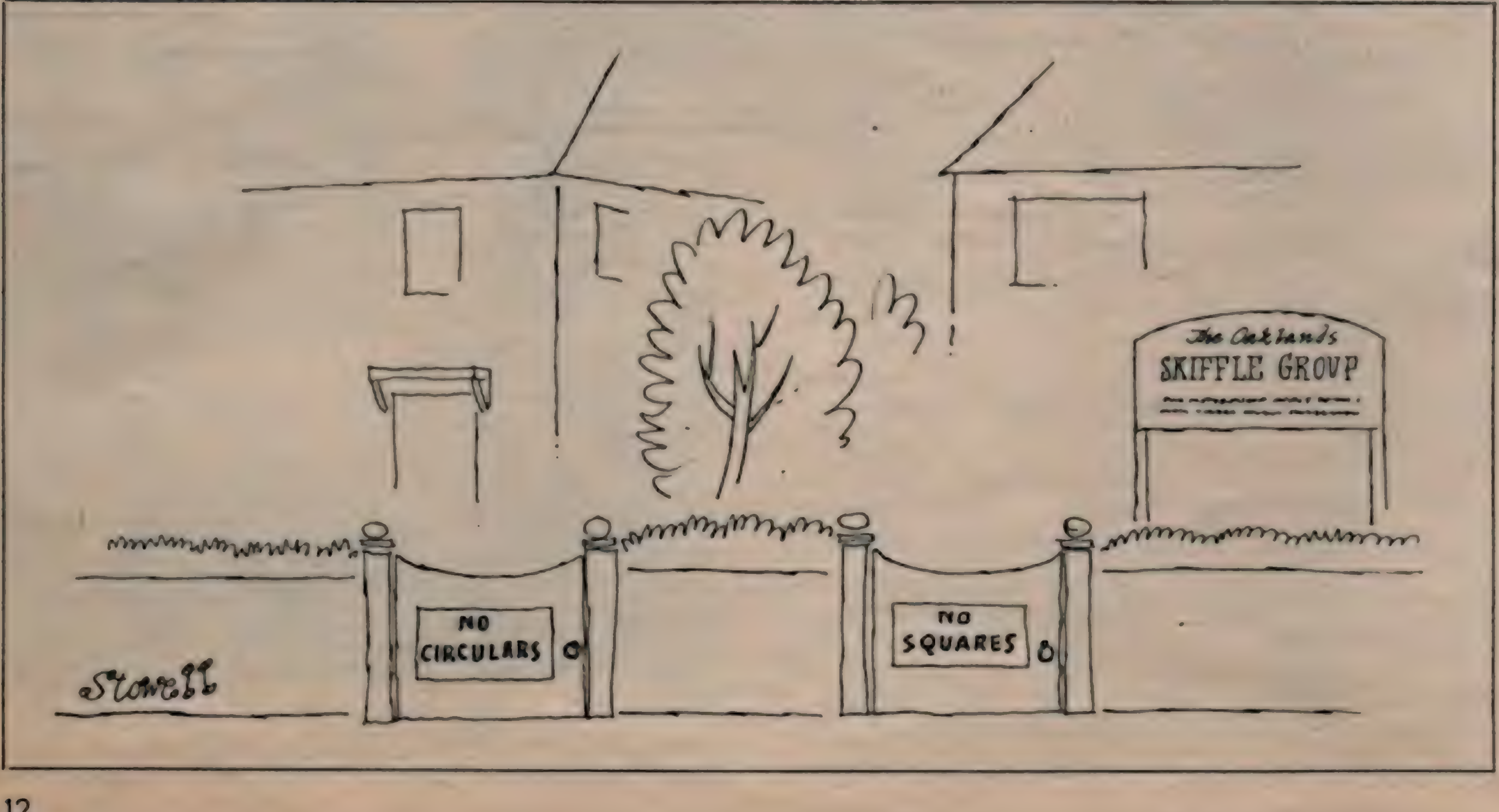
With Gary Cooper was a very handsome, red-haired young woman. I asked . . . who she was. "She's his hairdresser." . . .

She is a very skilled worker. Cooper is by no means bald. He only needs his hair thickened a bit on top, and the job she does is nearer that of thatching than simple toupee-anchoring. If she ever runs out of balding stars she can get a job on the roofs of English cottages, for the skill required must be much the same.

Besides keeping Cooper's hair thatched, she sprays him with sweat when he needs sweat, disarranges his hair when his activities require it, keeps his eyebrows neat, and arranges for tears when the going gets sorrowful.

Cooper's manly chest is covered with a mat of manly hair and this needs no thatching; but there is a scene in which, shirtless, he chops wood, and the hairdresser will no doubt be responsible for dampening, disarranging, etc. As the area of responsibility increases, does the pay, I wonder?

JESSAMYN WEST in *To See The Dream*, published this week by Hodder and Stoughton



PERSONAL PORTRAIT: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Head in a mitre

Once he was headmaster of Repton. Now he treats bishops as housemasters and his senior clergy as prefects. Into bad boys he puts the fear of God

When Lambeth Palace was being repaired (at a cost of £250,000) after the last war, men working on the job were openly critical. There was plenty to repair—the Great Hall had been severely damaged by bombs, and nearly half of the famous hammer-beam roof had been destroyed. But why repair a palace when tens of thousands of people were without homes?

No answer was given—but the work went on. It took several years to complete, but there was never any trouble over it. One reason was that most of the workmen were soon on terms of easy friendliness with a genial, scholarly cleric who is a familiar figure in the palace: the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, ninety-eighth Archbishop of Canterbury, who lives there.

After the repairs were finished, a visiting clergyman said to Fisher: "You must be glad to have got rid of the workmen after all these years." Fisher replied: "I'm glad the work is done, but I became very fond of the men, and I miss them."

Both the reply and the earlier firm silence in the face of criticism are part of the curious mixture that is Fisher. His public attitudes strongly support a hierarchical ordering of society, but in his personal relationships class divisions mean nothing to him. He is neither pompous nor socially aspiring. He hates fuss and bother and frequently cuts the official red tape which sycophants try to wind around him. He lives a life of simplicity, bordering on austerity, eating little and rarely taking alcohol. On one occasion a clergyman visiting him at Lambeth was unexpectedly invited to stay to lunch. The meal was served in the Archbishop's private apartment—egg on spinach, followed by apple pie.

Fisher's friendliness is genuine. In contrast to some bishops, he really enjoys the bun crushes that follow confirmation services and inductions. Even at a small village social, he makes a point of moving about the hall, with a personal word for everybody. His memory is prodigious and he delights in astounding parents by inquiring after Billy or Sam, whom he confirmed the previous year.

At Bristol a few years ago, after being entertained to lunch by the city council, he was on his way to the council chamber to address a civic meeting when he suddenly darted into the kitchens to shake hands with the cooks and servants, then into the secretaries' office to thank them for addressing the invitations. After the meeting he stood at the door of the council chamber to shake hands with everyone as they left. And when he arrived at the railway station he made his way to the engine to thank the driver.

Such activities, indefatigably pursued, are endearing. Had he retired three or four years ago, Fisher might have been remembered as the most popular of all primates. Historians would not have ranked him among the great, but ordinary people would have held him high in their affections.

This popular regard was at its height at the time of the Coronation. Television, which the Primate had allowed with reluctance, carried into millions of homes the moving spectacle of a dignified archbishop sustaining his monarch through her ordeal. Fisher performed his part magnificently, but his self-confidence was built on weeks of hard study. His personal copy of the service book was covered with careful annotations. When a journalist later drew attention to a slight lapse, Fisher commented: "I made two and a half mistakes."

Yet, a few weeks ago, a prominent churchman could say without apparent exaggeration: "Were he to resign now, there would be few, inside the Church or outside, who would regret it."

In terms of popularity, it has been Fisher's fate of recent years to find the cards stacked against him. Partly for deep-seated reasons, which have little to do with him personally, he has been on the minority side of the fence on an issue which arouses deep emotions: the attitude of the Church to divorce and remarriage. Fisher's only independent publication since he became Primate is a pamphlet backing the Church's refusal to countenance the remarrying in church of divorced persons, innocent and guilty alike.

When Princess Margaret announced her decision not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend, it was widely believed that she had been influenced by the Archbishop, whom she had seen a short time before.

This belief is discounted by those who know Fisher well, and who say that he made it clear throughout that his chief anxiety was to avoid the ambiguities of the Church's position being revealed in public. The Princess has herself said that she made her decision before seeing the Archbishop. But the belief persists. In the public mind it is a symbol.

Against this, Fisher matches his personal charm. Bitter opponents have emerged from his presence protesting their regard for him. A high dignitary once rose angrily from an interview to stamp out of the room in protest. "Excuse me," came the dulcet voice of His Grace from the depths of an armchair, "but are you not running off with my matches?"

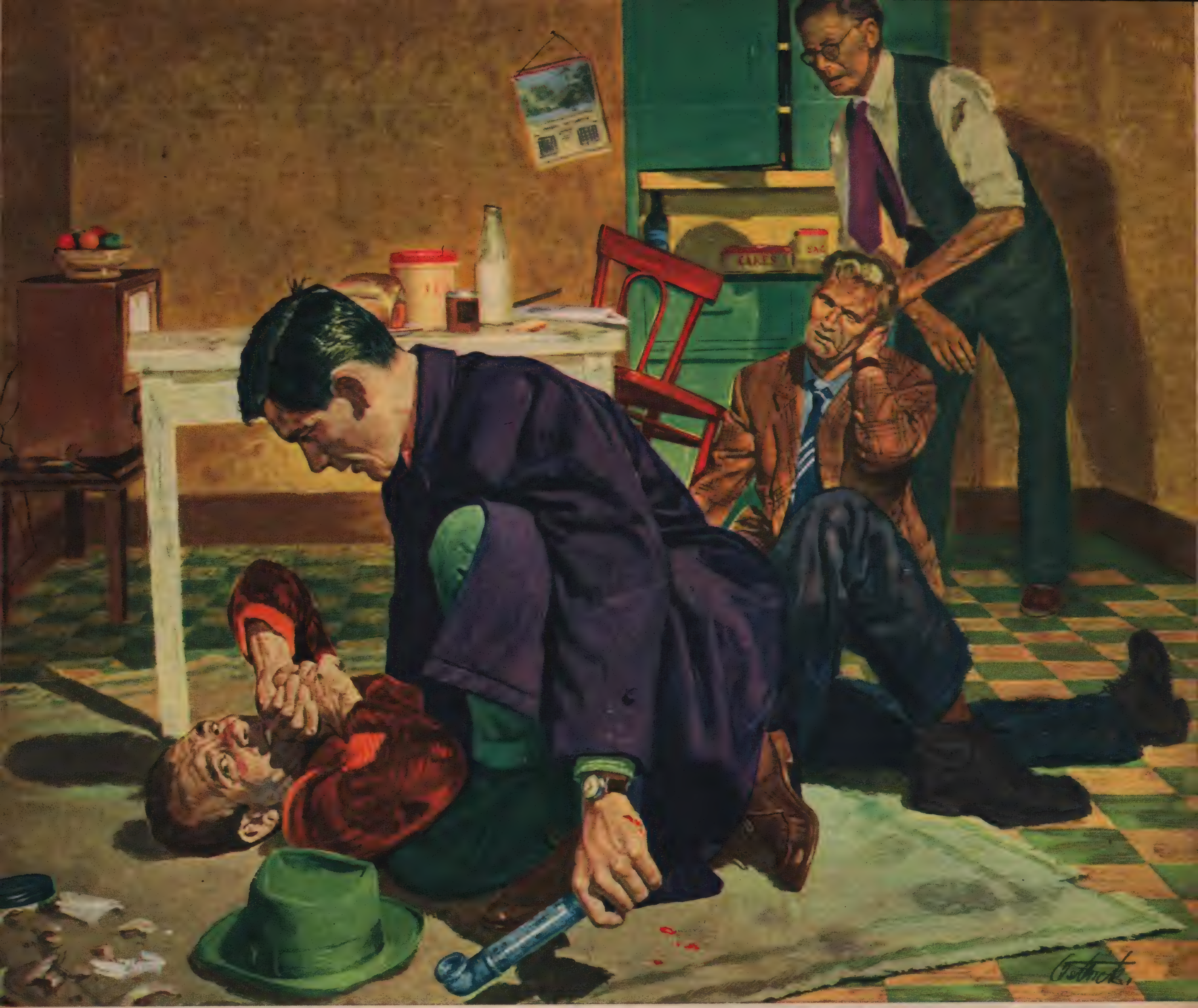
He is quick in repartee. To an Australian politician who remarked that he had no religion at all Fisher replied: "Don't worry. I expect we can fix you up with something."

On another occasion, referring to an attack upon him in a national newspaper, he noted sorrowfully that the previous year the newspaper had said, "The archbishop must go," whereas now it appeared to be saying, "The archbishop has gone too far."

He is seldom at a loss when answering

Continued on page 26

Genial and witty, Dr. Fisher uses charm to answer his critics. One said recently: "If he were to resign now few would regret it"



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

by *LIONEL DAVIDSON*

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

Today Conway was ten years married. And he had left his wife neglected and alone—while he kept a date with danger

CONWAY came out of the tube station, saw the flower stall locked up for the night, and said: "Oh, my God!" in sudden recollection. His tenth wedding anniversary. . . . He had tied a knot in his handkerchief as a reminder as he passed this same stall yesterday. He felt in his pocket and found the handkerchief there, still knotted.

And he'd be two hours late home into the bargain.

He stepped from one aching foot to the other and tried to think what to do about this. Conway was a detective-sergeant at New Scotland Yard. His feet hurt because he had been on them most of the day, and his head hurt because a man had hit it with a starting handle. It had been a long, horrible day, starting at 5 a.m., when he had been dragged out of his bed to go chasing off to Southend.

There was a bit of plaster stuck on his head, but he had combed his hair so that Rose wouldn't see it. She hated his job, and had been at him for over a year to get a safe, steady transfer.

He had taken three aspirins in his office before leaving, but the wound still throbbed abominably. He looked at his watch and saw that it was eight o'clock. What in the name of heaven could he get Rose at this time of night?

Wanting nothing more in life than to get his

When the light came on Conway was kneeling on a body. He grabbed the piece of pipe that he had been hit with and turned on the man

head down and his feet up, he nonetheless took a longish way home, trying to devise a way out of his difficulties. He thought of telling Rose he'd had a long conference with the superintendent about his transfer—but two hours was a long time to confer about a change of job, particularly on their wedding anniversary. And how was it he'd bought her nothing? Should he say he'd ordered something rather special . . . ?

He knew he'd never carry it off, not with his head aching like this; she'd see through it in a flash. And what was this mysterious something supposed to be, anyway? Best to tell her the truth. "Look, Rosie darling, I've had a terrible day. Been on the go all the time. No lunch. I meant to get you something, but what with one thing and another. . . . See, I tied a knot in my handkerchief."

He sighed as he trudged along on his hot, sore feet. It was no use. An anniversary was an anniversary. A woman had a certain view about these things. It stuck in her memory and made you feel guilty for years.

He had a sensitive conscience, hated that guilty feeling. He hadn't hit that little so-and-so today, though he'd been fully entitled to, because he knew he would feel guilty afterwards. So he'd just given him a jab with the elbow. The fellow had damn near killed him—and what would he get out of it? A paragraph in the local paper.

Ah, Rose was right. It was no job for a family man, this having to deal with dangerous criminals, terrible men, animals. You went into a room. The fellow knew he was caught, but hit you anyway—just like that. If one of them hit him a bit harder than that one today, Rose would be collecting the pension.

But this was getting him nowhere. His thoughts were just going round and round in his tired brain. Ah, for a nice strong cup of tea!

For no reason, he thought of the snug little kitchen at the back of old Goldsmith's sweet shop. As a constable on the beat years ago he used to slip in for a cup. He still got his cigarettes there. Always home, old Goldsmith was. He had an arthritic wife.

And then, in a flash of inspiration, he thought: *sweet shop: a nice big box of chocolates; the ones she likes, with liqueur-flavoured centres.*

Conway turned cheerfully round in the street, his feet given a new lease of life by this miraculous scheme. The shop was shut, of course, and he went down the side alley, felt over the fence for the catch, and entered the dark backyard. By the light coming through the curtains he saw the packing cases and empty sweet jars in the same old confusion outside the back door.

He knocked and waited, smiling in the dark, hearing movements inside. He could imagine old Goldsmith laying down his paper, looking at his wife, the pair of them sitting in front of the television.

He waited a minute or two but nothing happened, so he knocked again. And all at once the little yard went black. The light had been switched off in the room.

He waited, listening. It had gone very quiet inside. He knocked again and called: "Hallo, Mr. Goldsmith. It's me, Conway."

Silence. *Queer*, thought Conway, and put his ear to the door. He heard a quiet, snuffling sound, but couldn't quite place it. It wasn't a dog. They hadn't got a dog.

He listened intently, holding his breath. He heard a slight creak, the snuffling again, and then he had it: shoe leather and clothing brushing against the door. Somebody was standing there, just inside.

He felt the hairs on the back of his neck begin to prickle, and he had a sharp instinct to get out of this, to double up the alley, back to the safety of the street. He had been hit on the head once today, and there was a police station five minutes away.

But a lot could happen in five minutes.

He was still holding his breath and his head began to throb again so savagely that white flashes came before his eyes. He moved from one painful foot to the other, trying to think. It couldn't be old Goldsmith there; he had given his name and the old boy knew his voice.

Instinct and experience both told him what manner of man it was who waited silently behind that door.

Fatigue and pain made his brain sluggish. He couldn't think what to do. He needed a weapon —a piece of wood, a jar. He groped in the blackness. The packing cases were solid, with nothing that came away easily. A glass jar, then? He couldn't get the top off the first one and tried another. Again the lid wouldn't untwist, so he left it on, gripping the jar in his right hand around the neck.

He tried the door handle gently, found it locked and rattled it. He thought he heard a mutter inside and waited, bottle poised.

"Just a minute," a man's voice said. "Who is it?"

"The police," Conway almost said, and then swiftly bethought himself. If he said that, they would either stay put, waiting for him to go and call help, or they would rush him.

"Dr. Conway," he said. "I come every Wednesday to see Mrs. Goldsmith. Who's that in there?"

There was more muttering. Then the voice said: "It's the electrician. There's some trouble with the lights. Could you come back later, Doctor?"

"I can't. I've got other calls to make." He did his best to sound no more than irritable.

The bolt was drawn. "Come in if you want, then, Doctor."

THE door was slightly ajar. Conway pushed it with his foot, tightened his sweaty grip on the glass jar and blundered into the room, head and shoulders bent. He heard a subdued whirring as the blow descended but his head at least was out of the way. It caught him on the base of the spine, a sickening, jarring shock that numbed him. He twisted stiffly, holding his breath with the pain, and felt quickly in the dark with his left hand. He encountered an arm, followed it up to the neck, and in the same moment hit out with the glass jar with all his strength.

There was a thump, and the jar smashed; the blackness was suddenly full of noise and struggling.

"Put on the light," Conway yelled. "Mr. Goldsmith, put on the light if you can." He thought he must have put paid to the man he had hit, but he could hear groaning some distance away. Goldsmith probably.

There was an arm round his waist, and another scrabbling at his face. He twisted and used his knee, but didn't make contact. Off balance, he stumbled over something on the floor and went down heavily with a man on top of him.

The man was swearing viciously in his ear and had an elbow in his neck. He was a big, strong fellow, solid, odorous. Conway moved urgently beneath him, all fatigue gone now. A hand came down over his nose and mouth and he bit it as hard as he could, not leaving go.

He heard a gasp and the elbow began to pummel almost beyond endurance. Conway hung on with his teeth as the hand twisted and tugged to release itself, the fingers clawing, bruising his face. The man was now shouting in pain: "Oh, oh, oh!" Conway bit harder, twisted himself out from under, and was on one knee when the light came on.

He was kneeling on a fallen body, and the first thing he saw was the length of gas-piping he must have been hit with. He fell on the piping and turned, grasping it.

There were two men. The other one was holding his head, his face grey with pain. Conway got up and stood facing him, panting.

"Sit on the floor," he said. "Next to him."

The man did so, silently. Beyond him, Conway saw Mr. Goldsmith standing white and shaky by the dresser.

"Mr. Conway!" the old man said. "Thank God you've come. They tied up my wife on the bed and gagged her. They hit me on the head."

"Shut the door," Conway said. "Then ring for the police. Dial nine nine nine—and hurry."

He was shaking all over now—it was a repetition of what had happened at Southend earlier today. He wanted to sit down but daren't yet. The man whose hand he had bitten had the ugly animal look he knew so well; a big, dangerous animal, glaring up at him, ready to spring. The safest thing would be to knock him out right away with the gas pipe, but Conway could not bring himself to do it.

"Make a move and you'll regret it," he told him. "I'm a police officer. Just sit tight."

The man swore at him. Conway heard old Goldsmith phoning from the next room, then the creak of bed springs and the old lady crying as her husband released her. A wave of nausea came over him then for these savages who broke in and hurt and took what they wanted, and he hoped for a swift moment that the man would make some tentative move so that he could hit him.

But the man must have sensed this mood in him, for he sat there, making no move, only glaring. His friend, who had lapsed into unconsciousness, came to in a few minutes and sat up, rubbing his head. Conway felt as sick as a dog. The man he had bitten must have had some dirty grease on his hands; he could taste it in his mouth. He prayed for the police car to come quickly.

It did not come a moment too soon. As soon as the officers came in through the door, Conway rushed to the sink and vomited. He sat down at last feeling acutely ill. He didn't think he had ever felt quite so awful in all his life. His head was throbbing, the base of his spine was bruised, and his neck and face were sore.

The police sergeant asked if he would come

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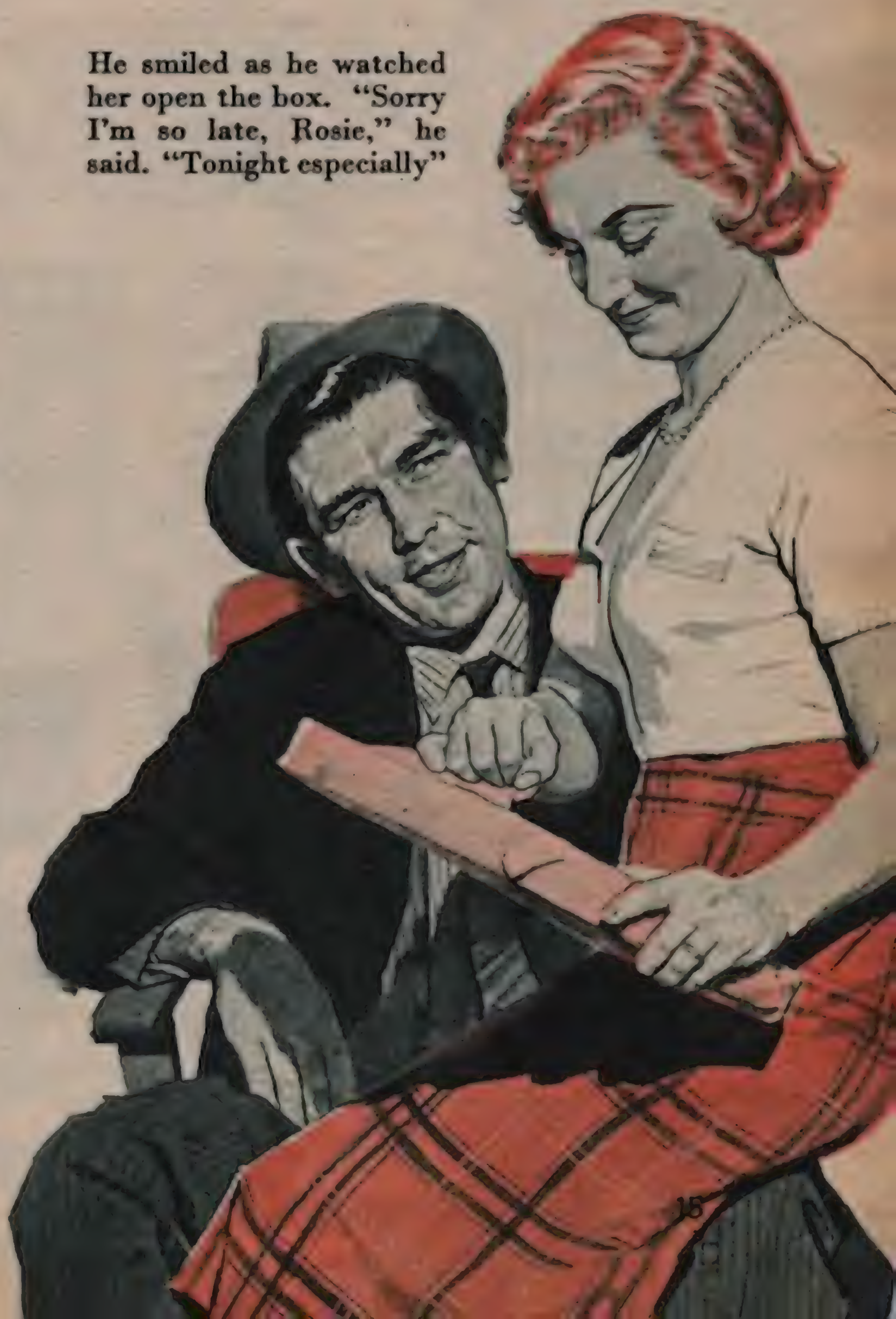

He smiled as he watched her open the box. "Sorry I'm so late, Rosie," he said. "Tonight especially"

by ANTHONY WATKINS

My wife's first voyage ends in shipwreck

I had proud hopes of my postwar fleet, and plans for new prosperity. It took just one tempestuous night to put us on the rocks—and me into despair

THE wind died down and by the time Barra Head, at the extreme south of the Outer Hebrides, came into view the sea was flat calm. My plan was simple—to search the whole line of the Outer Hebrides for basking sharks.

It was May, 1946. My war service had ended and now I was a shark hunter again, on a bigger scale than before. Instead of having a shore factory, I had the Gloamin', a 102-ton steam drifter equipped as a factory ship. Also, in addition to my prewar forty-foot catcher, the Duskie Maid, I had the Paragon and Perseverance.

But the harpoon guns on the catchers were worrying me. This was our first postwar trip, and I had no idea how they would behave in action. Although I had ordered proper harpoon guns from Norway, none was available for months to come and I was having to make do with converted two-pounder anti-tank guns. Furthermore, my harpoons had wooden shafts because metal ones couldn't be made in time for the trip.

That day I was on the Paragon. We swung north and spread out in line with an interval of a mile or more between each catcher. The wild and broken coastline of the islands began to unroll itself.

We were abreast of Castlebay when I saw the first fin, and I was pleased to find the war had not made me impervious to minor excitement. I was every bit as thrilled as I had been years previously at seeing my first shark. As we closed in I saw there were other shoals in the vicinity—perhaps half a dozen of them.

The gun seemed monstrously heavy and clumsy as I released the clasping mechanism. I cursed silently the postwar world in which I had not been able to get what I wanted from another country. Then I calmed myself by reflecting that it was precisely because of postwar shortages that shark oil fetched £100 a ton and each of those fins in front of us represented fifty pound-notes, floating in the sea, waiting to be picked up.

We ran up to a shark which was very high in the water, and I got in a perfect shot in spite of the awkwardness of the mounting. Out went the line, and after some twenty minutes we began to winch up. The shark came up very easily and lay quietly on the surface while we roped his tail and lashed him firmly alongside. He was the most peaceful shark I had ever caught.

Then my eye caught the harpoon sticking out of his back and I got a shock. The shaft had splintered off at the hilt—which was to be expected—but the head had only half penetrated and appeared to have entered at a very oblique angle. If the shark had put up even half a struggle he would have got away. And if he had been a little deeper in the water when I had fired, it seemed probable that the harpoon would not have penetrated at all.

I realized that, although we had caught a shark with the first shot, the harpoon had not come out of the test at all well. Still, there was no time to think about that now. We were approaching the Gloamin', and the immediate problem was the lifting, which I wanted to superintend myself.

I boarded the Gloamin' and after handing over the shark the Paragon sailed off, leaving the Gloamin' crew lining the rails looking down with apprehension at that vast shape alongside. Like everyone who sees a basking shark at close quarters for the first time, they were staggered by its size.

We passed two heavy wire ropes round the shark's body as a sling. Then Jim Smith, the engineer, opened the valve on the winch. The sling tightened and the shark began to rise, its body bent into a graceful arc. As it left the water, and the full weight came on to the derrick, the ship's woodwork creaked and groaned in agony, and the winch laboured fearfully. The whole ship leaned over.

Once the shark was on the gutting deck—a platform just forward of the bridge, eight feet wide and running the width of the ship, across the top of the bulwark—the job of getting the two great lobes of the liver into one of the boiling tanks was the work of a few minutes. The tank had a capacity of two hundred and fifty gallons, and the liver almost filled it. Altogether a very satisfactory fish.

The winch clanked again, and up rose the carcass. Even without the liver it was still a formidable load on the derrick, weighing certainly over four tons. It rose clear of the deck. Then, to my horror, it began to move.

"Lower away!" I bellowed at Smith.

But it was too late. With an awful and majestic deliberation the great carcass wheeled over, slipped out of the sling and crashed down

Anthony Watkins at home with his wife and family. Demobbed from the Guards, he went back to hunting sharks—and made it pay on to the gutting deck, plunging through it and coming to rest on the main deck below amid a jumble of shattered planks and crossbeams.

For a few seconds we stared open-mouthed at this scene of destruction. My immediate feeling was one of relief that nobody had been injured, but this was quickly obliterated by the grim realization that the Gloamin' would be out of action until she could be repaired—and that might be a matter of weeks. The cost of the repair itself would be considerable; between £100 and £200, I estimated from a quick look.

On the way south, I sat by myself in the stern of the Gloamin'. I looked back at the three catchers astern, but this time I had no pride in my fleet. It had proved a complete flop, unable either to process a shark or even to catch one, except by a lucky chance. It was costing £200 a week to run and, as it stood at present, was virtually incapable of earning a penny.

When we were safely tied up in Tarbert, Loch Fyne, I assembled the whole company on the foredeck of the Gloamin' and told them my plans. The Duskie Maid and Perseverance would go over to herring fishing. The Paragon and the Gloamin' would stay on at the sharks with a view to working out the right equipment and the correct technique down to the last detail.

One evening, when we were pursuing our shark hunting experiments somewhere between Arran and the Ayrshire coast, we noticed dense dark clouds moving steadily a few fathoms below the surface. My companions' eyes gleamed with excitement, for we were looking at such shoals of herring as had not invaded the Clyde for years.

That night I telephoned the news to the Duskie Maid and Perseverance, which had been getting indifferent catches up Loch Fyne. They turned south, waded enthusiastically into these stupendous shoals—and in a few days wiped out my financial losses on sharks up north.

Now there was the employment of the Gloamin' to consider. I decided to use her as a herring carrier. The Outer Hebrides is a wonderful fishing ground, but it has one grave disadvantage. The nearest market is Mallaig and that means that the boats must run across the Minch to sell their catch. The Minch is one of the wildest and most treacherous seas in existence. For a small boat this journey in the winter is at best a waste of time and money; at worst it is a dangerous ordeal.

The Gloamin', though, could cross the Minch in any weather and carry a formidable load of herring. If she worked in conjunction with a group of catchers, they need never cross the Minch and could concentrate on the fishing, stepping up their catch considerably while cutting down their expenses.

Everything was set by November, which is when the winter herring start to run up north. I told our group of herring boats that we would be in Lochboisdale one midnight. As they filled up with herring they were to come in and discharge their catch to us. When the Gloamin' was full up she would sail for Mallaig.

By 1 a.m. the next day the hold of the Gloamin' was full. By 2 a.m. her decks were piled high with herring boxes. She sailed for Mallaig with her decks almost awash. One could almost hear the ghost of Samuel Plimsoll clicking its tongue disapprovingly.

The rest of the week was a repetition of the first night. The group caught a fabulous amount of fish and, working out the profits of the Gloamin' alone, I found she had cleared £700. I was frankly awed by this figure. For the first time in my life I felt rich.

The centre of activities for the winter was obviously going to be Lochboisdale. It had a really first-class hotel built for the tourist trade and in particular for the salmon fishing. I had married since the war, but my work had kept me almost continuously away from home. I thought

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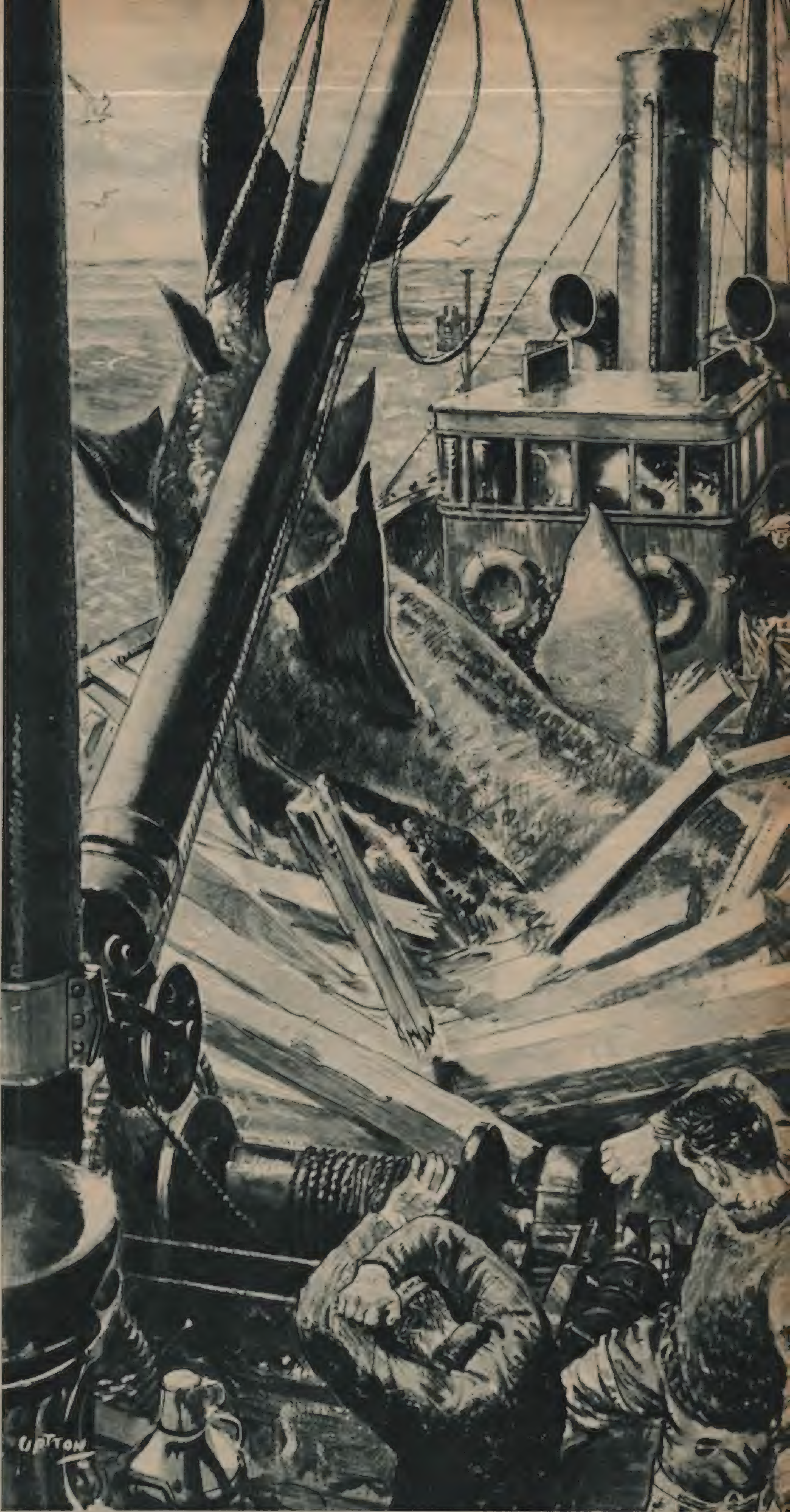

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTTON

With awful deliberation the shark's great carcass slipped out of the sling. It crashed down on to the gutting deck of the Gloamin' and plunged through it amid a jumble of shattered planks and beams

IRON LADY

Hunger, cruelty, death—she defied them all. And out of her courage was born a man of steel

by CONRAD RICHTER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

Hour after hour the terrified boy sat in the tree next to the woman. Never had day held on so long

THE old man in the big house heard the carriage stop and the sound of men's voices. He guessed what they wanted. Let them come, he said to himself, and his lip twitched in sardonic humour. Others had come before them, and none had got the secret out of him yet. But they'd better move fast. Wasn't he supposed to be on his deathbed?

Well, it was true he was old and had taken to his bed. But he wasn't laid out yet, not by a long shot. He wasn't even upstairs. He'd ordered his housekeeper, the cook and yard man to fetch his bed down. He told them it would save them running upstairs with trays and downstairs with slops, but all the time he and they knew the real reason. He didn't want to give up being among the living. He didn't want to leave this corner room on the first floor he called his office. Here were his shelves of furnace accounts and records, on the wall a row of wooden pegs with his clothes, including his blue army greatcoat, his cocked hat and sword.

Upstairs, the green clutter of leaves shut out everything. Down here he could look out and see his furnace against the hill, everything still intact outside and in, even the ore barrows and charcoal wagons on the upper level. The stack needed only ore, limestone and charcoal to be fired. But the brown-painted shutters on the furnace were closed tight and the experienced eye saw no heat waves rising against the sky.

He could hear the men now entering the iron gate to the grounds. The bell on its long rope tinkled. He heard Manda moving through the house to answer it and his lips pursed in ironic anticipation.

They were curious lips, not exactly thick, but ropey. Ansell Sloan had white hair above, and a ring of it ran below from his ears like a thin strip of hairy hide pasted around his bare chin. In this frame his face looked like that of a crabbed but lovable saint, so that you forgot the uncompromising lips and wondered how a man with such a gentle, wry face could have earned the nickname of Iron Sloan as a soldier before he became an ironmaster.

You could see the strangers relax when they saw him. This old man would be easy to handle. He didn't look like an iron soldier to them.

They were shrewd, sharp-eyed men from Uniontown, with fine clothes and well-fed faces. First they complimented him on the house and grounds. Then they asked about the two paintings in the room.

"This one toward the road is my late wife," he said. "The other one, with the flowers under it, is my late mother-in-law."

"Isn't that a little unusual, General?" one of them smiled. "Flowers for your mother-in-law?"

"Not for Mary Harris," the old man said quickly. "But that's a long story."

They didn't press him. They were interested in something else, something more valuable than a mother-in-law.

"We understand, General, that not all your iron came from your regular mines," said the leader of the group, getting down to business. "You told some people, I believe, that the best quality iron you ever had came from a secret source of your own."

"Ah!" The ironmaster rubbed a stubbly chin. "So you heard this even as far as Uniontown?"

"It's true then, General, that you owed your success to a secret iron mine?"

"Well, yes, I guess it's true, though I wouldn't call it an iron mine. It's just where my best iron came from. But remember now, I didn't say where I got it."

The men licked their lips and hitched closer. "Was this source pretty far away?" said their leader. "Did it cost you much to move it here?"

"Didn't cost me hardly nothing."

"You say it was very rich iron?"

The old man said: "About the best I ever knew."

"Was it worked out?"

"God bless you, no. It gave iron to some others who knew about it, and still does to me when I need it."

You could see victory now on their faces. The leader said: "Will you, for a consideration, General, draw us a map of the location?"

"No, I couldn't do that."

There was consternation on their faces. "Why not?" said the leader.

"Because I don't think you could find it."

"That would be our risk. This iron is still in existence?"

The old man said: "Well, yes, some of it. But the source has moved."

"Moved? How could it move? You said it was never worked out."

"That's true," he agreed.

He could see with enjoyment that they were completely baffled, that they thought him a queer old man. Well, maybe he was. You got queer sometimes in your eighties.

Not that they gave up easily. For more than an hour they pestered and cross-examined him. In the end, like the others, they had to go without it, saying they would be back again.

He sat chuckling dryly when they had left. So

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The great London fog of 1952 killed three thousand people. It would have taken more energy than an atom bomb's to blow it away—but chemical sprays may soon be able to clear whole towns of fog

In cities smog masks keep out dangerous smoke. Country fogs are almost harmless

A killer gets the wind up

by FRANCIS HITCHING

For years science has groped for a way to end smog—and stayed in the dark. Now an answer is in sight

Engineer Edward Bals claims that this experimental anti-fog spray can clear two hundred square yards of road in about four minutes

THE worst fog the world has known began in London on December 5, 1952. By December 9, when it lifted, it had raised the number of deaths in the London area by more than three thousand.

That was not all. With carbon, soot and sulphur stuck to their lungs, a further one thousand people died during two more days of fog which occurred before Christmas.

All these people were suffering from chest diseases. Many of them might still be alive but for the fog. "On purely humanitarian grounds, Britain cannot afford smoky fog," says Sir Hugh Beaver, who headed a government investigation into air pollution.

But although scientists have long known what causes fog, most of their efforts to get rid of it have failed.

Britain has a fog research unit at Battersea College of Technology, and an atmosphere pollution section of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

In fog it is the smoke chemicals which are the killers of people with respiratory diseases. Fogs in country areas are relatively harmless.

But in industrial areas smoke particles in the air are trapped by the fog, which increases their concentration up to ten times—often well above the danger level for people suffering from pneumonia or bronchitis.

To cut down the number of deaths caused by fog, smokeless zones have been set up in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Salford, Rochdale, Bolton, Coventry and Bradford. Other cities are almost certain to follow their example.

Inland fogs usually begin after a bright day during which the sun has not been strong enough to dry out the air. At dusk, when the air cools, the moisture in the atmosphere begins to condense. If the temperature drops quickly the moisture forms dew. But if the temperature drops slowly and gradually—usually about one degree an hour—the droplets of moisture fail to coalesce and hang suspended in the air.

In cities, fog forms more easily because the droplets become stabilized on smoke particles.

Fog occurs somewhere in Britain on almost every day between October and March, and is dense on about sixty days.

Besides costing lives, it costs money. According to the National Society for Clean Air, as much as £75 million a year may be wasted in damage to property, transport delays, shorter working hours, and additional lighting and heating. In London alone, each day of thick fog probably costs the city £10 million. After the 1952 fog a large store in Oxford Street had to reduce prices of damaged goods by £90,000.

City fogs, being too thick for the sun to evaporate, are generally dispersed by a wind. But attempts to create an artificial wind have so far been unsuccessful.

Electrically driven propellers mounted above the lamp-posts on a road in New Jersey, America, proved no good at all. Dr. George Elton, chief scientist of the fog research unit which is run by the Ministry of Supply, rejected a suggestion that he should try blowing away fog with jet engines. As fast as fog is blown away, more will take its place.

Another possibility is to dry the fog. F.I.D.O., the British wartime invention consisting of a line of burners down each side of an airport runway to clear a channel through the air above, costs, on average, £250 a minute and uses 60,000 gallons of petrol an hour.

At Los Angeles, where it was installed on a commercial airfield for the first time, it proved so difficult to operate that it is now never used. The system relies on two uninterrupted lines of burners, which are difficult to install on modern airfields with crossing runways and numerous landing lights.

Fog can be dried chemically by spraying it with calcium chloride. The Massachusetts University professor who invented the method claimed that it was the answer to the problem of keeping airports clear. But when used on large-scale tests, the chemical burned and corroded any aircraft it touched. The scheme was abandoned.

Other inventors have suggested that as fog is similar to cloud at a low level, it could be turned to rain by being sprayed with dry ice or silver iodide, which would cool it and cause it to condense.

Dr. Elton says that the method works in polar regions, and in parts of Switzerland during winter when the fogs are near or below freezing-point. But in Britain the fogs are too warm.

Elton's own method of dispersing fog is based on his discovery that each droplet of fog contains a small electrical charge which repels it from neighbouring droplets.

He found that detergent-like chemicals made from petrol, known as cationic surface active agents, de-electrify the droplets so that they coalesce and fall as rain.

IN 1953 he started to examine the properties of fog. Using two experimental tanks, the largest holding 27,000 cubic feet of air, he learned to create artificial fogs, which could then be dispersed by the chemicals.

He fitted a mobile laboratory in the back of a van and travelled with other research workers up to fifty miles to collect samples of fog which could be compared with his artificial fog.

"I had to be sure we were making our fogs to the right consistency," he says.

Today his main problem is to find an efficient method of spraying chemicals into the fog. On large-scale tests near Cheltenham at the end of last year he succeeded in dispersing a fog by dropping the chemicals from aeroplanes.

"City fogs, because they are stabilized on smoke particles, will be more difficult," he says. "But within two years we may be able to clear airfields, and within ten years perhaps whole towns."

THE END

Watch your step—it's moving

by RENÉ LECLER

Sam Marsh says escalators are the safest way of rising in the world. In a big smash up the only casualty was a spoon

HAVING installed six escalators in a new department store in the north of England, Sam Marsh stood by on opening day to see how the customers were coping with them. For several hours the moving staircases carried thousands of people up and down without incident. Marsh was standing near the fourth floor machine when, during a quiet period, he saw an elderly man getting on to the third floor escalator with a small girl in his arms. To Marsh's horror, the man sat down on one of the moving steps with the child in his lap.

Marsh rushed downstairs and had almost reached the customer when the steps flattened out, upset the old man's balance and sent him sprawling across the escalator's combing. The metal teeth sheared the seat of his trousers right off.

"For a while," says Marsh, "I did not quite know what to do. Finally I sat him down on a chair and went in search of a pair of trousers. He was unhurt, but he had certainly lost some of his dignity."

A short, grey-haired Londoner of fifty-seven, Marsh is erection supervisor for the firm of J. and E. Hall, Ltd., one of Britain's biggest escalator manufacturers, who have about 250 machines working in the British Isles and install new ones at the rate of one a week. Marsh travels all over Britain installing the cumbersome, forty-foot long, eight-ton machines in stores, shops and government offices. He claims that the standard escalator, which goes up or down at a speed of ninety feet per minute and can carry eight thousand people an hour, is the safest means of vertical transportation yet invented.

When his firm was recently asked to install new service escalators aboard several liners, Marsh tested one machine by loading it with thirty waiters carrying heavy trays of china, glass and cutlery. They went up and down and back again in the queue until, at a signal from Marsh, they all dropped their trays at the same time. "When we tallied up," says Marsh, "we found that one spoon had got a bit bent when it became wedged in the combing."

In 1951 he installed the world's longest single span escalator, which had a vertical rise of thirty-eight feet, in the Festival of Britain's Dome of Discovery. Two hundred of his firm's workers ran up and down the machine, often three to a step, for an entire day without mishap. Another set of eight escalators which he fitted into a London store twenty-one years ago has now carried 23 million people without an accident.

Once, before the introduction of an automatic braking device, which now prevents a machine going either too fast or backwards, large numbers of people in a Blackpool amusement arcade crowded on to an escalator. Their weight was too much for the brakes and the escalator began creeping backwards, with Marsh desperately hanging on to the handrail to stop it. As fast as he cleared passengers off the bottom, more crowded on to the top. A woman who had been frightened by the unexpected change of direction told Marsh: "You ought to have more sense than to reverse an escalator when people are on it."

"As a matter of fact," says Marsh, "we never reverse a machine. The shock would be too much for people's sense of balance. But fairly frequently we have to stop one." Some months ago Marsh was watching people using a down machine in a new Yorkshire store. The first passenger, a young woman, lost her footing and fell spreadeagled near the bottom. Marsh stopped

Escalators ease the congestion in a busy London store. Sam Marsh has built them in parks and ships. One went into a Canadian church

Marsh supervises the installation of a standard store model. It weighs eight tons and is driven by a 15-h.p. motor

DO IT YOURSELF KITS
FIDDY

"Car accident or not, Perkins, I still think it would be better if you moved to another counter"

the escalator and four more people fell in a heap over her. "They folded up like a pack of cards," he recalls, "but that young woman might have injured herself passing over the combing."

Repairing an escalator in a London store a few months ago, Marsh was forced to take out three steps to reach the gears inside. The machine had to be tested while in motion and, to ward people off, he blocked the approach with a large sign, trestles and two empty showcases.

He was working on the machine above when he suddenly saw two women, engaged in deep conversation, look at the trestles and calmly step over them on to the top combing. "That gave me the biggest fright I have ever had," says Marsh. "I flew down four steps at a time and reached the stop button. Then I threw myself at the two astonished shoppers. I was just in time. The gap in the steps was just coming through the combing."

Though each escalator is run by a small 15-h.p. electric motor—it costs a penny an hour to run—the machine's pulling power could have made that a fatal accident. But the possibility is remote. Each motor is fitted with a governor restricting its speed, foolproof brakes and an automatic switch which immediately cuts the power if any of the moving parts, such as the handrail, develops a fault.

Fire also stops the machine. Many escalators are fitted with a safety curtain set in motion by a fusible alloy link which melts at a certain temperature, rings a warning bell and stops the motor. Within thirty seconds the steel roller curtain begins to move to enclose the whole of the escalator. People who are then on the machine have another thirty seconds to scramble free, and at the intake end automatic arms prevent others from getting on.

Fire is a normal risk in escalator operation and people have often given the alarm after seeing puffs of smoke issuing from a machine. In most cases they have been caused by lighted cigarette ends dropping on to waste materials and dust in the escalator pit.

One London store called him four times in the same month to investigate cases of smoke in escalators. Marsh almost came to suspect sabotage. He inspected the machine and found it was in good order. Only when he was leaving did he discover that the store's carpet department had been moved next to the escalator on one floor. He says: "The wool fluff released by the new carpets when salesmen showed them to customers had got into the machine and the fire risks were very real. I had to tell the management to move the carpets back to their original location."

Most people's criticisms of escalators involve cases of umbrella ferrules and women's high heels getting stuck in the stairs' treads, and manufacturers now remedy this by fitting steps whose treads are a mere tenth of an inch apart and by reducing the gap between the moving staircase and its plain casing to a maximum of three millimetres.

Yet, a few months ago, Marsh was called in by the manager of a London store who reported the loss of a woman's pearl necklace. Marsh took three steps out to investigate, and spent two hours methodically cleaning out the pit until he had recovered every one of the necklace's seventy-two pearls.

Marsh and his team of erection specialists take about three weeks to install an escalator. Each machine, costing about £8,000, is prefabricated in the firm's factory at Dartford, Kent, and is moved in three pieces: the top section, which contains the driving mechanism and which is twelve feet long, five feet wide and weighs three and a half tons; the centre section, measuring about twenty feet and weighing two tons, and the bottom section, which is twelve feet long with a weight of approximately two and a half tons, a total of about eight tons.

In most cases Marsh spends as long as two days investigating the site of a new escalator. "By now," he says, "I have got escalators into buildings from every possible angle except perhaps through the basement." Looking over a London store a few weeks ago he visited every floor, measured every window and tested the load-carrying capacity of every joist in the roof.

He had decided to knock an eighteen-foot gap through a brick wall when a ride down one of the lifts gave him an idea. Calling on the store's manager, he told him: "It's either your brick wall or your lift." The man chose the lift. Marsh took the lift out of its shaft in pieces, cleared a gap through the roof and lifted each section of the escalator up from the street, down the lift shaft and on to the proper floor.

Marsh, who lives in Herne Hill, South London, spends four-fifths of his time travelling around Britain and usually supervises four escalator erections simultaneously. One fallacy about escalators which Marsh tries to get out of people's minds is that it is impossible to go up a down escalator or down an up one. "Experts can do it easily, although it needs practice," he says.

Yet recently he and six of his men found it difficult. They were servicing an unconnected escalator in a store when their combined weight started the machine moving.

Instinctively they all grabbed their tools and rushed upwards, but their running made the escalator go all the faster until it reached a speed of about 150 feet a minute. "It was a stupid thing to do," says Marsh. "We were there like monkeys on a stick, desperately trying to get up."

Eventually one of the men managed to jump clear and apply the emergency brakes. A customer told Marsh later that the scene had looked just like one from an old Chaplin film. THE END

The sea my hunting ground

continued from page 17

it an excellent opportunity to send for my wife and install her in the Lochboisdale Hotel.

I wired her to meet me in Mallaig, where the Gloamin' was due to spend the weekend coaling. She arrived by train in the afternoon, and that evening we set sail for Lochboisdale.

It was a wild night, the worst we had had that winter. Thick low clouds made the visibility poor. I was worried that we might fail to pick up the Calvay light, which marks the entrance to the narrow channel leading to the Lochboisdale harbour. It is an ill-lit and supremely dangerous coast.

Throughout the voyage I was on the bridge with the skipper and two deckhands who were uncles of the skipper and ex-skippers themselves. The rest of the crew, except those on duty in the engine-room, were in the cabin watching my wife with speculative interest. They had organized a sweepstake on the miles covered before she was seasick.

The most favoured numbers were from one to ten, but as a matter of fact my wife is a very fair sailor. I had myself bought the highest number, sixty—this being the distance in miles between Mallaig and Lochboisdale.

It was quickly realized that I was the likely winner, and a spirited attempt at nobbling was made. The steward found it necessary to cut up a very greasy bit of pork on the cabin table, and everyone was smoking the foulest mixtures of shag he could lay his hands on. The victim was bearing up bravely.

On the bridge we were unaware of all these fun and games aft, for so much water was coming on deck—not just spray, but real green seas—that communication with the cabin was virtually cut.

We opened the windows. "There she is—there's the light," said the skipper suddenly.

We entered the long, narrow, rock-girt channel which leads to the harbour, and abruptly the fierce, raging seas were cut off, and we sailed as serenely as though in a canal.

I left the bridge to tell the others where we were. I was just descending the companion-way when there was a terrible, grinding crunch, and the ship lurched to a standstill so suddenly that I fell in a heap on the lower deck.

Shadowy figures were descending from the wheelhouse and going over to the port side of the ship. I shone my torch over the side, and saw the grim jagged outline of rocks so close that I could have jumped on to them. The Gloamin' was on an even keel, but there was no feeling of buoyancy or freedom about her. She was resting hard and fast on a ledge that jutted out from the rocky wall of the channel.

LETTERS—1

A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.

Sir Richard Steele

The rest of the crew, with my wife, were now pouring out on deck. The crew doubled aft and began to swing out the lifeboat. For all they knew, we might have been a long way from land.

"There's no particular hurry," I called out. "We're in no danger of sinking. We're already on the bottom."

Suddenly I recollected that it had been low water when we left Mallaig.

"When is high water, Skipper?" I asked.

He was standing by me, staring dully over the side, almost stupefied by the disaster. He went and fetched his Nautical Almanack. I held the torch while we searched for the vital information. There it was: "November 24. N.-S. Uist. High Water, 3.15 a.m."

I looked at my watch. It was just on 3.20 and we had been aground for roughly five minutes. We had struck as near as makes no difference at exactly high water. It couldn't have been worse.

The lifeboat was launched and the skipper and I rowed slowly round the hull, examining the situation with the aid of a torch and a boat hook. The Gloamin' was firmly aground.

We had just climbed back on board when we saw the lights of a fishing boat. We signalled to her, and she swerved up to us. She was one of ours, the Mairi Bhan, skippered by Alec MacDougall.

"Alec," I said, "will you contact the other boats, and assemble them here a quarter of an hour before next high water? You may be able to pull us off."

The Mairi Bhan went off into Lochboisdale with my wife, and then left to contact the other boats.

As the tide receded we set about lightening the ship. We dumped the coal over the side—a back-breaking task—extinguished the fires and ran the water out of the boiler.

We retired into the cabin and sat while the ship gradually heeled over until the wall became the floor. As the water level fell, the pressure of the rocks on the ship's ribs began. The unnatural strain wracked and twisted the timbers until they shrieked. Cracks loud as pistol shots rang through the cabin. The feeling that the whole cabin would suddenly crumple up grew so strong that we clambered out, got into the lifeboat and pushed out into the channel.

Soon after dawn the Gloamin' lay on her side in a few feet of water, helpless and pathetic. The skipper and I waded round the hull, examining it carefully. The port side was not even scratched. We came to the conclusion that the best way to get her off was to drag her out backwards.

The tide began to come in, and slowly, very slowly, the Gloamin' stirred, and began to rise. Shortly before midday her decks were back at about forty-five degrees, and we clambered aboard again.

I switched on the radio to listen to the weather forecast. A programme of dance music faded, and then came the voice of an announcer, maddeningly deliberate and expressionless as he dealt systematically with each area. Finally he came to us. "The Minches. Forecast for the next twenty-four hours: strong southerly winds increasing to gale force later and backing to east. Visibility moderate."

For a moment there was silence.

"If we don't get her off this tide," I said, "we won't get another chance."

During the afternoon we attached seventy fathoms of chain to the heavy anchor, which we put in the lifeboat and dropped as far astern as possible along the exact line of our intended escape route. The end of the chain was taken to the capstan. This would have to be turned by hand now that our boiler was out, but it would augment the pull on the stern that the five hundred-odd horsepower of the six boats were going to give me.

At a quarter to four—high water was at six minutes past—the boats appeared.

Each boat in turn came up and threw the end of a heavy cable to us. This was made fast to our stern, and eventually we had all six boats pulling on our stern. The levers were inserted into the capstan and the Gloamin' crew was standing by.

I took up my position in the stern. At four o'clock—six minutes before high water—I gave the signal. The water foamed under the sterns of the six boats as they went full speed ahead. The capstan gang strained. But the Gloamin' stayed immovable.

I looked at my watch. It was 4.5 a.m. One minute to go. "All you've got on the capstan," I shouted.

A very slight ripple was now coming in from the open sea. As one of the wavelets came under the stern there was a slight lift and bump. The anchor chain moved in a few links. Another wavelet came in, and this time there was a definite surge backwards.

I looked at my watch; 4.6 exactly. Another wavelet, another slight lift of the stern, another surge backwards before the keel thudded again on to the bottom. The chain came in six feet.

Another lift, another surge back, though this time a slightly shorter one. The next lift was barely perceptible. Then I looked at my watch. It was seven minutes past four. The ebb had begun. It was all over.

The Gloamin' was doomed.

As the wind increased, the ripples would turn into waves, and the waves would thunder unchecked through the channel. As the Gloamin' heeled over, she would be pounded against the rocks. In a few hours she would be an unrecognizable tangle of wreckage.

I signalled to the Mairi Bhan to come alongside. We moved our personal baggage and all movable gear of any value from the Gloamin' into the Mairi Bhan. Then we turned towards Lochboisdale.

Now that there was nothing I could do to save the Gloamin' the full implication of the disaster struck me with paralysing force. Twenty-four hours ago I had been owner of a fine ship. She had just begun to pay in a big way. Thanks largely to her, my business was being put for the first time in a really strong financial position. With a feeling near to despair, I began to realize that the wreck of the Gloamin' might be followed by the wreck of my business.

At the door of the hotel my wife met me, anxious inquiry on her face. My own expression answered her unspoken question. "What's going to happen to us?" she whispered as she put her arms around my neck.

This brought me back to my senses. What had happened was a setback certainly. But if I had any guts, it wasn't an irretrievable disaster. Things might be a lot worse. I still had the herring-catchers. They would go on earning money. I was down, but by no means out.

As cheerfully as I could I said: "We'll have some champagne for dinner. You have champagne when you launch a ship, so I don't see why you shouldn't have it when you wreck one."

An hour later, in the middle of an excellent dinner, with a half-empty bottle of Krug '28 in front of us, we felt much brighter. . . .

By the beginning of the following April the successor to the Gloamin', the Recruit, was in Tarbert, complete and ready for action in every detail. She was slightly bigger than the Gloamin', and of exceptionally strong build.

The Recruit carried a new skipper, Robert Falconer, and a new engineer. The rest of the crew were the same.

Among the herring-boats, which I assembled at Tarbert, were the Paragon, commanded by John Paterson, and the Perseverance, commanded by Bob Ritchie, both of which carried enough experienced men for them to go into action against sharks with complete efficiency.

The Duskie Maid, owing to some last-minute changes, had nobody who had ever worked at the sharks, so I decided to spend the first part of the season in her myself.

We sailed from Tarbert after the Easter holiday, the catchers going north to take the short cut through the Crinan Canal, and the Recruit, too big for the canal, turning south to go all the way round the Mull of Kintyre.

We met the Recruit again in Mallaig in weather so bad that it was out of the question to cross the Minch.

The wind died down a couple of days later. Although the glass did not indicate any real change for the better, I took the chance of sailing towards Barra Head. The next day the sea was still pretty rough. I felt that there might be literally hundreds of fins around without any of us seeing one of them.

"The Perseverance is changing course," said the skipper.

"That must be a shark," I said. We altered course, and in the distance I saw the Paragon was following suit.

We lost sight of our quarry while we were circling round, and I didn't see them again until they suddenly appeared dead ahead on the next crest. We plunged into the intervening trough, and our bows were just beginning to rise when one shark presented a beautiful target on the opposite slope.

I took rapid aim, and pressed the trigger. There was a sickening jolt as we rammed a shark broadside on. Then it, and the rest of the shoal, vanished.

I knew I had put the harpoon slap into the right place, and it was no surprise to me when the line started to run out. "Let it run," I shouted. "Give him all the line he needs."

We sat in the fo'c'sle, occasionally changing the deck watch, for a full hour before I said: "Well, let's have a shot at lifting him now."

It seemed to be blowing harder than ever, and I cursed at the bad luck of this crew having to battle with their first shark in such a sea.

We began to winch up, and the nose of the Duskie Maid dipped with the downward pull. Cascades of water came thundering across the deck.

Without any warning, the tail broke the surface. It rose high above us in a tremendous arch, and then smashed down on the foredeck.

I jumped back from the danger area, and bawled to the winchman to let go a couple of fathoms. This relieved matters, though the shark was clearly a real fighter.

Roping the tail, which would normally have taken only a few seconds, took us several hectic minutes. However, at last we got the shark tied securely alongside.

The rest of the northern season was a repetition of those first few days. The weather was bad, but as soon as we were not storm-bound we emerged from the coast and bagged a few sharks. . . .

In the middle of June I decided to return to the Clyde, and here the Recruit skipper, Robert Falconer, left. He had struggled on gamely after a heart attack without letting me know of his troubles. I was sorry to lose him. He was what is sometimes described in fiction as an old sea dog.

I gave Falconer's job on the Recruit to Jamie Mair, the mate, who had shown himself very competent and reliable, and a willing worker.

By this time the Duskie Maid crew were fully trained, so I moved over to the Recruit from where it was easiest to control and direct operations.

One day, towards the end of the season, we found ourselves fishing in the spot where, ten years previously, a shark, having been harpooned, had dragged my dinghy right under the water—thus teaching me the lesson that sharks can't be caught without proper equipment.

That lesson had been well learned, I reflected, as I looked out of the wheelhouse of the Recruit. It was a perfect day, so hot that most of us were stripped to the waist. All the catchers were in sight. The Duskie Maid and the Perseverance both had fishes on their lines, and the Paragon was heading towards us with a shark on either side. The Recruit had one shark being gutted in the slings.

To me it was an idyllic scene.

During the latter part of the summer the Recruit sailed to Ardrossan almost every Saturday with her tanks full, to coal and discharge her oil. The catchers generally managed to get to Campbeltown or Tarbert.

I had just bought a most delightful house overlooking Loch Fyne. As I sat in the comfortable drawing-room after dinner one Saturday night I felt so guilty thinking of the Recruit crew sitting drearily in Ardrossan that I considered giving them an extra weekend hardship bonus.

The next Saturday evening I happened to be in Ardrossan and went out to a cinema by myself, leaving the crew sitting rather forlornly in the cabin, drinking bottled beer. On my return, as I picked my way across the mooring cables on the dark and deserted quay, I became aware of an uproar coming from where the Recruit lay. I heard an accordion and lusty voices of both sexes raised in song.

I went below and became immersed in a sea of beaming faces. I was introduced to Fiona, Catriona and Maisie, though the tobacco smoke was so thick that I could get only a hazy idea of their features. Another song was started, the fireman playing the accordion with an almost professional skill. Sung with immense feeling and drama, it described the adventures of a young seaman ashore in Ardrossan—adventures so excessive that understandably they ended in his death.

As befits the theme, it had a haunting, sad and plaintive melody which, a few years later, regularly made the top ten on the radio, generally sung by Vera Lynn. The title had been changed to "The Homing Waltz," and the words had been altered quite a bit, too.

The morning after, when breakfast had been cleared away, I sat down at the cabin table and began my usual weekend chore of writing up the books of the company. The profit and loss statement for the week made a good showing.

Sale of oil		£1,430
Less wages basic ...	£84	
Less wages bonus (29 sharks) ...	£72	
Coal	£34	
Diesel oil	£17	
Sundry expenses ...	£35	
		£242
Trading Profit ...		£1,188

It was very satisfactory. Still, perhaps after all, I decided on reflection, there was no need to get carried away and give anybody a weekend hardship bonus.

THE END

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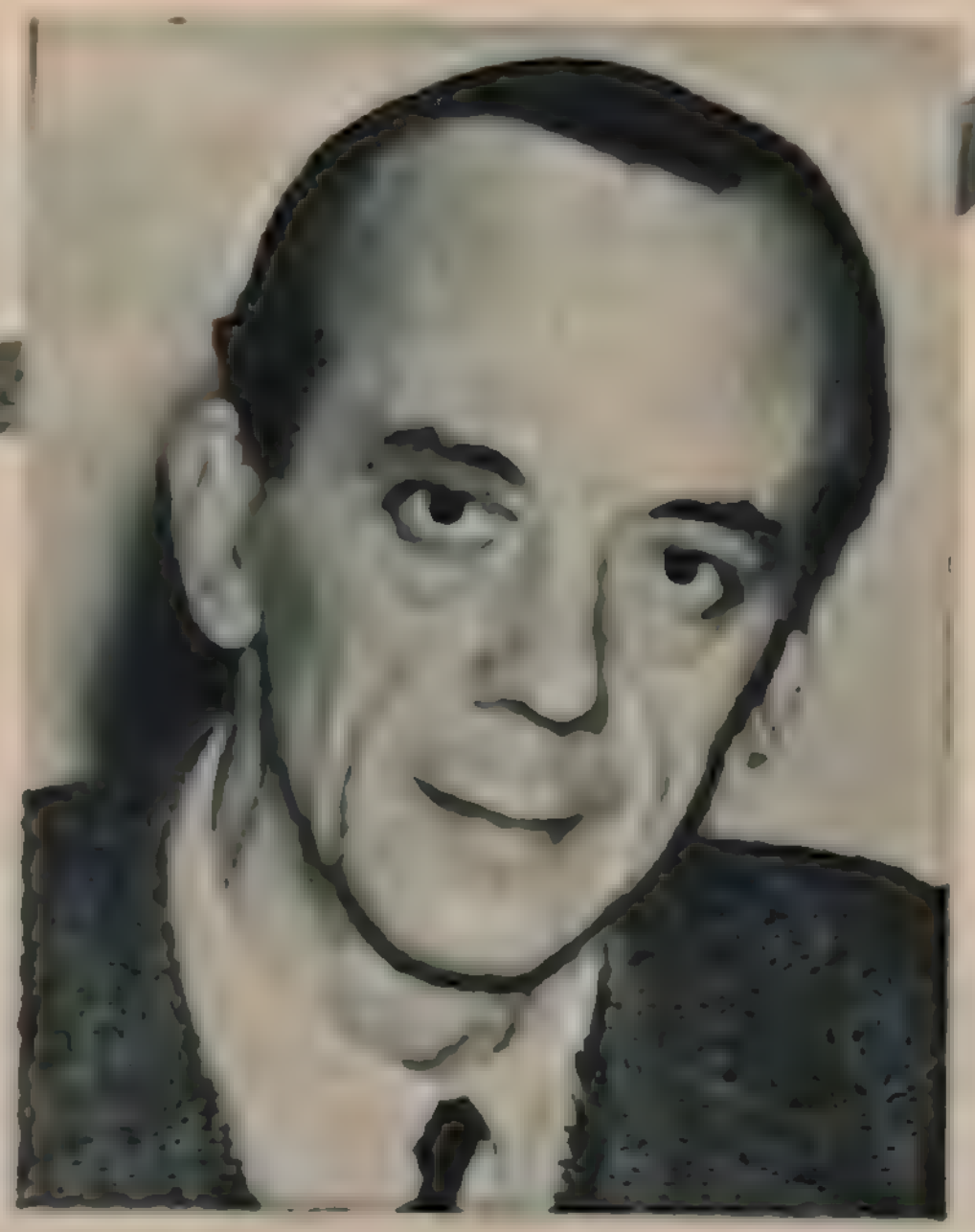
In April Anthony Watkins's story will be published in book form by William Heinemann

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Bernard Mills



Just before the war my wife and I were making a tour of American circuses, looking for talent. Tim McCoy, the film star and hero of countless Westerns, invited us to visit him in North Idaho, where he was making a new picture. He was staying in a village high in the Bitter Root Mountains, about a hundred miles from the nearest town.

We travelled by car and arrived at dusk, tired, dirty and very hungry. Tim apologized for the surroundings, but cheered us up by saying that the only saloon in the village boasted an excellent cook.

The village was typical of dozens seen on Western films, and the saloon was complete with swingdoors, a long bar and, as I guessed, groups of men in stetsons playing poker. There were even horses tethered outside at the hitchin' post.

While we were waiting to be served Tim told us about the village. As it was so cut off it had retained almost all the characteristics of the lawless nineties, he said. The men in the bar were mostly fur-trappers, making a brief halt before their lonely expeditions north. While he was talking I looked round the room. Cowboys were gambling, a mechanical piano tinkled in the corner. I almost expected a gun-fight.

We started dinner with shrimp pie covered in a thick, spiced sauce, and it was followed by the most enormous steaks I have ever seen. We were half-way through them when there was a loud explosion in the street. Jokingly I said: "I suppose that's a gun-fight."

To my consternation Tim said that it probably was, and got up hurriedly from the table. He bundled my wife and me out of the saloon by the back door and across the street to shelter. On our way we heard two more shots. Tim explained that gun-fights were not uncommon in the village as the place boasted no sheriff or law officer. "It will soon blow over," he said cheerfully, and after ten minutes of confused shouting he said it was all right for us to go back to our meal.

We followed him nervously. Inside the saloon everybody was carrying on as though nothing had happened. The cowboys were still playing poker, the piano still tinkled. The bar-keeper brought back our steaks which he had kept warm in the oven. Nobody, he reassured us, had been hurt.

How to make shrimp pie

Ingredients: 1 pint of shrimps (or prawns), 2 slices of stale bread, 2 glasses of white wine, pinch of mace, pinch of nutmeg, parsley, sprig of thyme, salt and cayenne pepper.

Shell the shrimps. Remove the crust from the bread and grate it finely. Moisten the bread with the white wine, season with mace, nutmeg, thyme, parsley, salt and cayenne, and mix thoroughly with the shrimps. Put in a pie dish, sprinkle with grated crust, dot with pats of butter and bake till slightly brown.

For the sauce: ½ pint shelled shrimps, 5 peeled tomatoes, 1 stick celery, 1 bay leaf, sprig of thyme, parsley, seasoning, ½ pint of fish stock.

Put the shrimps in a saucepan with the tomatoes, finely chopped, the celery, the bay leaf, thyme and parsley. Mix well and cook for a few minutes. Then season, add half a pint of fish stock and cook for another six minutes.

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Iron lady

Continued from page 19

they wanted to buy his iron mine? Well, they weren't the first, and likely wouldn't be the last. But never would he tell them. They wouldn't believe it had been a woman. They wouldn't understand what he was talking about. You had to live back in the 1750s to understand.

Today, in the Millburn Valley, you saw mostly fields of grain and corn, with plenty of cattle, grass, fat barns and peaceful farmhouses. But back in the old days all was solid woods and swamps with cabins buried in the wild greenness, with alarms from the savages twice a year and waking up some morning to find your neighbours killed and their cabins burned. You might even wake up and find it done to your own folks. . . .

That's what had happened to him, and him only eight years old. When he fought back and cried, one of the savages gave him a blow, and he remembered nothing till they threw water on him to get him going.

For a week after that, it seemed, they dragged him through the forest, jerking him through bogs and runs, driving him over logs and roots. Hardly was he alive when they joined another Indian party, waiting for them with a captive at a hemlock spring.

Never as long as he lived would he forget the sight of this unknown spot in the wilderness, with the black mountain above, the painted savage faces around the fire below, the ghastly flutter of scalps on stretchers; and, sitting on the ground nearby, the young white captive, Mary Harris, with her baby at her breast.

She wore a grey homespun short gown, muddied and torn by the bush. Her hair was black, her face brown. She was barefoot and her legs badly scratched by roots and briars. Her state looked hopeless, and yet the way she sat there, living for herself, paying no attention to her captors or her fate, gave him the first sensation of life and hope since he was taken. He tried to run to her, but the Indian he was tied to jerked him and he fell to the ground.

"Don't mind them; they don't know no better," she said, matter of fact.

"They killed my ma and pa."

She made noises with her tongue.

"I wish they'd killed me too."

"Oh, no, you don't," she said dully, almost flatly. "They broke in a young boy's head for cryin' a ways back. You don't wish you was him, a-lyin' back there with his brains on a tree."

What she said sickened him. He pitied himself. To show how bad he felt, he made himself cry noisily. To his surprise, she turned her head away. He might as well have been crying to the wind. She sat calm and contained, attending to her baby. That puny thing and herself were all that mattered to her. She was like an Indian herself, and next day, when they moved through the woods, he watched her carry her pack of savage booty like a squaw. Not once did he hear her rebel or complain. He was only a boy, but twice with spirit he threw off the stolen horns heavy with powder they had hung around his neck. In the end he had to carry them anyhow, along with the cuts and bruises they gave him.

Now wouldn't you reckon she'd feel for him when his captors beat him so that he would sob for a long time afterwards? But hardly a word did he get from her, except to taunt him for bawling, and then hate for her would make him stop quick enough. No sooner would they camp in the evening and the fire at dusk set him crying for home than she would mock him for it until he answered in kind.

For days the party marched through the woods. Once the party split and the captives were left in camp under the guard of a savage they called Onchedunk. Andy cried when the Indian tied him so tight that it hurt.

"Watch out. Don't cross him," Mary Harris warned. "He's the one that massacred the other boy."

"You care more about that other boy than me," Andy accused.

"I ought to," Mary Harris said bitterly. "He was my own Billy."

Andy looked at her with a sudden start. He was sober now. His eyes went dry. He stared uneasily at the savage who had done it, his face painted in colours that had run in the rain so that they distorted his features. A large bunch of hair from some former scalping had been dyed bright red and fixed to the top of his head, while a piece of metal hung from his nose, so that he looked like a picture of the devil.

Now how could Mary Harris let such a terrifying creature hurt her and never a whimper? He trussed her so that hardly could she hold her babe. He pulled on the knots so it must have cut into her woman's flesh. And all the time he was the one who had killed and scalped her own boy before her eyes. Then Onchedunk took his gun and left.

It wasn't long afterwards when a flock of migrating birds, mostly with red-speckled breasts, swarmed into camp, picking up crumbs from around the fire. They must have taken the two prisoners for stumps, for they flittered close, chittering and chirping.

"Them birds say anything to you?" Mary Harris asked when they had gone.

"Birds can't talk," the boy said.

"Oh, they don't talk snivelling and pigeon-hearted like you," she said. "Their talk was spunky and cheerful. They said, what was I doin' here? Why didn't I up and go?"

The boy looked at Mary Harris

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(Answers on page 26)

1	What is a three-line whip?	It is a summons to M.P.s to attend the House of Commons, and is underlined three times with heavy black lines to indicate that the business is of great importance.
2	Why do M.P.s bow when approaching or leaving the floor of the House?	The present House of Commons was built on the site of St. Stephen's Chapel. M.P.s bow to the spot on which the altar used to stand.
3	When did women receive Parliamentary franchise on the same terms as men?	1918.
4	What is a quorum in the House of Commons?	Forty—the minimum number of members which can carry on the business of the House.
5	What happens to all the £150 deposits forfeited at a General Election?	They go to the Exchequer to defray part of the cost of the election.
6	How did the word Exchequer originate?	I would guess that it is something to do with a chequer-board and counting coins on it.

strangely. He had heard that being captured by Indians sometimes affected white minds. Now he saw her begin to inch herself and the child towards the fire.

When she got there, she struggled to hold her bound bare legs over the low flame. The boy watched. He saw the white ankles grow black with burn, but still she kept them there. Several times her legs tried to burst the bonds, but she had to put herself again to the fire.

In the end, the rawhide snapped, but not until a long, painful time had passed. Then she moved quickly to the pile of booty. With her bare toes she pulled out a rusty axe taken from some ravaged white cabin. Holding the blade up between her feet, she bent forward and severed the thongs binding her arms.

Now wasn't it a shame that this was when Onchedunk chose to return? They heard him coming. She tried to get back where she had been, putting the broken strips of hide around her, but before she was settled he was standing there before her.

Never in his life would the boy forget the look on the returned Indian's face—a look of fierce rage that she had tried to escape. With the barrel of his gun, he gave her a blow that knocked her over on the ground. The baby screamed.

"Give um!" Onchedunk said, dropping his gun and holding out his hands for the child.

When she refused, he tore at the baby with both hands. Then she let it go sooner than see its tiny arms pulled from their sockets. Twisting his face, Onchedunk lifted it up to dash the small head against a tree. At the sight, Mary Harris sprang like a she-panther. She snatched up the rusty axe and went for him. The Indian saw her coming and quickly laid down the screaming child, motioning for her to do the same with the axe.

"No, you wily snake in the grass!" she answered, and the boy had never seen her eyes so black. "You'd murder us both."

It was doubtful if the savage understood the words, but he did her face and manner. Jerking at the hatchet in his belt with one hand, he reached for his gun with the other. Before he got hold of it, she was on him with her axe.

"Now it's either you or us," she cried.

The boy shut his eyes. He heard a confused series of sounds but, except for the screaming of the baby, he couldn't tell what they were.

The crying of the baby suddenly ceased. He shuddered, closing his eyes the tighter, waiting for his own end.

He heard Mary Harris say: "You can look now. It's all over." When he opened his eyes, the Indian lay on his face, and the baby was back in the arms of its mother.

"Did you kill him?" he stammered.

"He'd 'a' took our hair, but we won't take his," she said.

"He looks so—bloody," Andy whimpered.

"How do you expect him to look?" she demanded.

It took only a few moments to cut his thongs.

"I don't know whether to leave you or take you along," she said. "They'll likely kill you if they catch us. But they'll kill you for spite if they find you still here."

She scratched the booty pile, hunting for food. There was nothing save a doeskin bag of spoiled meal, crawling with worms, and a small piece of dried venison, dark and rock-hard.

Andy tried to take a captured musket. He lifted its terrible weight.

"It's not for the puny," Mary Harris said. Barefooted, with only the hunk of venison and her child, she started off, taking to the woods instead of the path by which they had come.

"That's not the way," the boy protested.

"They won't look for us so quick in the brush," she said.

Once away from camp, freedom was almost too sweet to bear. They had escaped from the savages at last. Every wild glade looked good. A tiny stream ran across their way, and they lay down on its mossy bank to drink. Before they were on their feet they heard a savage hallooing far in the leafy reaches behind them.

"They come back and found him," Mary said grimly. . . .

They kept going that day until they could no longer see. That night no painful thongs dug into the boy's flesh, but neither was there the comfort of a fire. He lay close to Mary Harris for warmth and for protection against the black unknown. Not for a minute would he have admitted it to her—he had long since learned not to try to enlist her pity—but just being with her made him feel stronger.

At the first glimmer of light through the trees they were off, stumbling through the fog-choked woods. As a captive he had had little concern of them missing their way. Now their lostness and vast uncertainty in the woods lay on him. But if Mary Harris felt anything, she didn't show it.

"We got sun-up to foller in the morning and sunset to keep at our back in the evening. What more do you want?" she said.

Oh, she was a hard taskmaster and let him take no easy way. More than once they came on trails in the forest, not the narrow deer paths that soon petered out. These were wider trails, plainly made by human feet. They looked inviting, a far easier road than over logs and through the brush. The boy would have gladly taken one of them, but Mary Harris would have none of one or the other.

"That's where the savages would lay to jump us," she said.

The second afternoon the boy said he could make it no farther, not till tomorrow anyway. He was worn out. He lay on his face on a drift of last year's leaves. No, he wouldn't get up any more today.

Mary Harris had to lay down her child to yank him to his feet. The moment the baby was set on the ground, it started to squall. The squalling must have sounded a long way through the woods. Far off, they heard an Indian halloo, then an answer from the mountain.

At the terrible sound, the boy got to his feet quickly enough. He trembled so much that Mary Harris had to lead him to a fallen tree. They climbed its prostrate trunk until hidden in the thickest branches. Settled here for only a little while, they heard the unmistakable click of a ramrod in a rifle barrel. Then all was silent, but they knew that an Indian stood nearby, listening for the first sound to give them away.

More than once Andy had complained on the journey that he didn't care if he lived or died, if the savages got him or not. But now that one actually stood only yards away, it terrified him. Every minute he feared the baby would cry again. The smallest sound or gurgle must betray their hiding place. Hour after hour, Mary Harris sat stolidly with the child pressed tightly against her breast.

LETTERS—2

Some people make letters rather long only because they have not time to make them shorter.

Pascal

It slept on, and when it awoke she nursed it. What nourishment it could find in its mother's starved body, the boy did not know.

Never had day held on so long. The savage must have gone, he thought. But when dusk fell thick on the woods, they knew he had been there all the time. Still only rods away, he uttered a terrible yell. Then they heard him leave, hallooing to his distant companion.

Before leaving the fallen tree in the morning, they had the last of the carefully treasured hunk of venison.

That day they splashed through a swamp where the trees stood gaunt and lifeless above them and the brown, stagnant water smelled of death. Of all the country they went through, the thorn-tree thickets were the worst, whipping them, tearing their clothing to shreds, leaving long, bloody scratches on their bodies.

Wherever darkness overtook them, they spent the night, once in a region of rocks, once in a brake of rhododendrons. Hope each morning was soon succeeded by daze and exhaustion. What day of the week or month it was, neither of them had any notion.

The morning after the thorn-thicket passage, the boy fell down and couldn't get up.

"You go on," he told her. "Let the Injuns get me."

"You always got to fight something in this life," she said. "If it ain't Injuns, it's something else."

"I can't fight no more," he told her.

She had to take a stick then to beat him up, like the savages did, and after that she wouldn't let him sit down any more.

"You're worse'n the Injuns!" he cried at her.

"You ain't seen half of me yet," she promised. "Lay down again and you'll find out."

He called her all the mean names he ever heard. Had he known she was like this, never would he have left camp with her. But nothing he said did any good. She kept driving him on.

Just the same, he could tell she was weakening. Her grey dress, long whipped by the brush, hung on her in rags. Her arms and legs and face were bleeding.

NEXT morning, through half-closed eyes, he watched her. After nursing her young one, hardly could she draw herself up by a sapling to her feet.

She can't go far any more, he kept telling himself that day. *Then we can both lay down and die together.*

Around noon he thought she was ready to give up. She had turned on him a glazed eye.

"Listen. Did you hear it?" she asked.

"Hear what?" he mumbled. "I didn't hear nothing."

"I thought I heard a hound," she muttered.

They stood for a time, but the only thing that came to their ears was the sound of the wind in the trees. Could it be she was weak and losing her mind already, hearing things like folks did when they got lost in the woods?

Many times after that he noticed she stopped; just the way she stood, he could tell she was listening for the hound she thought she heard. But no voice of a dog came, and none during the night. Morning, when he looked at her, she lay like a dead person, the baby like a bundle of skin and bone in her arms. Then he saw her stir and watched incredibly as she pulled herself to her feet. Never would they get far from this place, the boy told himself.

Then they both saw what they had failed to see in the darkness when they lay down last night—what looked like a wall of logs hardly a dozen rods off in the forest.

They stumbled nearer. It was an old cabin with a roof of bark and a window such as only a white man would make. The cabin stood black, fallen in and abandoned, but never did any house look so beautiful.

Then, as they stood staring at it, they could hear, faint and far away through the morning mist, a sound neither of them could mistake.

"Cowbells," Mary Harris whispered to the boy. . . .

Before noon they reached the river. On the other side they could hear the cowbells more plainly now. To the north, blue pine smoke rose from chimneys among the trees. They took a path under the sycamores till they were across from the settlement. They saw a man fishing on the other side. When they called to him, he dropped his pole and ran.

Presently they saw him come back with another man. Both carried guns. They got into a boat. Andy thought they were coming to get them, but the boat moved less than halfway across the water. Here it stopped.

"What do you want?" one of the men called.

"We belong over 'ar. We want to git across."

"You don't look white to us."

"I'm Mary Harris, from Black Run."

The two men conferred. "You ain't her," one said. "She was took by the Indians."

"I know. I'm just agittin' back."

"You ain't Mary Harris. I knowed her. I seed her many a time."

The young woman looked down at herself. As if for the first time, she realized she was half-naked, her clothes in shreds, her skin dark with blood and dirt, her hair a tangled mat. She looked forty years old.

"I'm her all right," she said. "If you come over, I can prove it."

"No, we ain't comin' nearer. You might have Indian friends in the bushes alayin' for us."

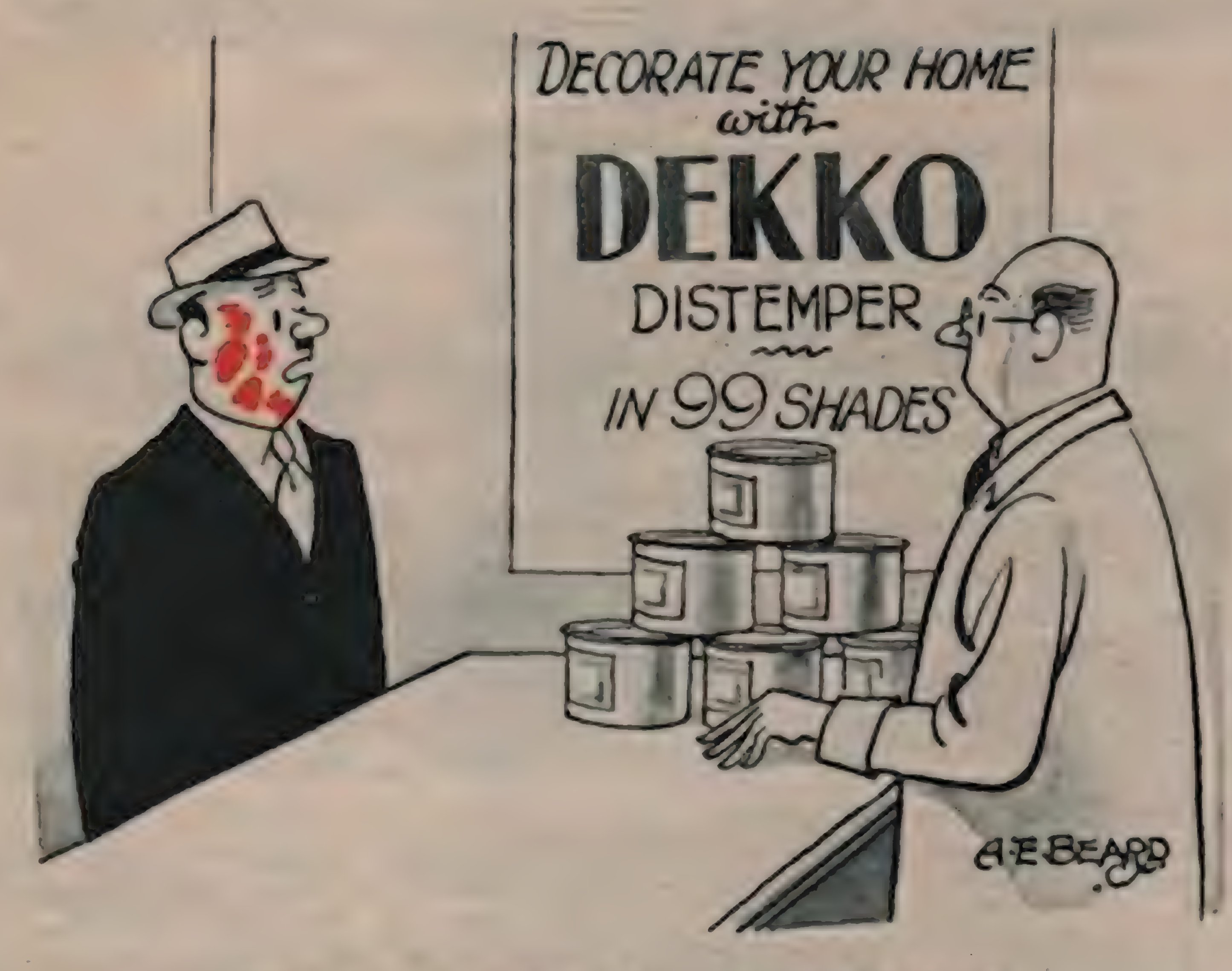
"Well, if you won't come over, I reckon I'll have to wade out to you the best I can," she said.

"No, it's too deep," both men called, but she paid no attention. She handed the child to the boy. She warned him sternly not to let her fall. Then she stepped into the water and kept on till it reached her shoulders and threatened to engulf her head.

"Wait!" one man called. "We'll come a mite closer."

Cautiously the boat edged toward her. Bit by bit, it grew nearer, until the boy heard an exclamation, followed by others. The boat came faster now, and he saw both men lift the dripping woman in. After that they paddled for Andy and the baby. . . .

Boys must have run with the news, for the far bank swarmed with folks by the time the boat touched shore. Before they got there, the older boatman had taken off the hunting shirt that came halfway to his knees, and had given it to Mary to hide her nakedness.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"You were quite right—it *is* washable"

Now a man on horseback dismounted to let the exhausted woman ride. Against all these well-fed people she looked little more than a skeleton, and so must he, too, the boy reckoned, for they lifted him up to ride behind her. Over and over, as the people trooped after, he heard them say how never would they have known her.

In the nearest house they put her to bed. Some of the women began pulling thorns from her feet. They counted 112 and laid them on a piece of crockery to show. Others of the women had set to cooking. Now it began to smell good. Mary Harris and the young ones had starved a long time, but their empty bellies would get stuffed with rations now.

It was a man they called Major, in small clothes, his hair in a queue, who put a stop to it. He came stamping into the house and smelled the cookery.

"What's this?" he thundered. "You'll kill her. And the boy, too. The first day you must give them nothing but whey. One spoonful at a time."

The boy hated him. Others would get the venison stew now. But he hated worse the other man who came bursting in the door after dark. All afternoon Andy had been lying on the bed beside Mary, as he had lain beside her so many nights in the woods, but never had he felt such possession and tenderness for her as now, when others tried to come between them.

She had fetched him out of the woods. If it hadn't been for her, he would not be here. Her face looked almost like a dead woman's on the bolster, but she needn't worry. Never would he leave her. Soon as he was bigger, he would marry and support her.

He felt outraged and affronted when this stranger came and claimed her as his wife. He hadn't even reckoned on a husband. Why couldn't the Indians have got him, like they had so many? But no, here he was putting his rough green and blue linsey arm over Mary Harris's breast and her looking up at him like she had never looked at Andy.

"You leave her alone," the boy said sharply. When some of the onlookers laughed, he turned his face away.

That laugh burned bitter inside him. He tried to get up and go off by himself, but they wouldn't let him. All night he lay there hating Mary Harris's man. In the woods he had her all to himself. Now he must share her with this ugly fellow.

Only Mary Harris's babe gave him comfort. The child knew him, had time for him, played with him a little, pulled and fiddled with his long hair. He looked the babe over with lack-lustre eyes. Anyway, she wasn't married. She wasn't tied up with any man. Should he want to, he might stake first rights to her. She wasn't much as yet, but she was something. If he couldn't have the mother, he might have the daughter—sometime on ahead when she got old enough to have a man. . . .

The old man came back to the present with a start. Where was he? Oh, yes, here in the mansion office. Well, he did marry the daughter, didn't he? There was her picture hanging on the wall. But it was the woman in the other picture who still stirred him the most. He'd never forget her. She was the one to put iron in a man's soul. THE END

Head in a mitre

Continued from page 13

questions. When he preached at the university church in Cambridge a year ago, hundreds of undergraduates remained behind to ask questions. Fisher stood on a pew for a couple of hours and dealt with every topic raised with clarity and humour. "I have rarely witnessed a more brilliant performance," said a Cambridge tutor who was there. "What I liked was his humility. He was not afraid to say he didn't know or 'That's too difficult for me to answer. . . .'"

As Fisher was leaving the church after the questioning, an Irish labourer, very drunk, asked him for money. Fisher listened to his blarney for a few moments, then put his hand on the man's shoulder and said: "My dear chap, if I could talk as fluently as you I should be a very successful archbishop."

"Your Grace," said the Irishman, "if you had had as much to drink as I've had, you could."

Fisher has himself recognized that wit and charm are no substitute for some of the qualities which he lacks. Two years ago, he said in a private conversation that the premature death of Dr. William Temple (his predecessor) was the worst disaster that had befallen the Church of England during his lifetime.

Nobody who heard him doubted the sincerity of his words. It was Fisher's typically generous tribute to Temple, for whom he had a great respect. It was also his acknowledgment that he was incapable of giving the Church, and perhaps the nation, the sort of leadership that Temple had given, strengthening the belief that he did not seek the primacy, but accepted it reluctantly and from a sense of duty.

One of Fisher's strongest critics sums up his attitude in these words: "Fisher's line has been, 'I can't be a William Temple, but what I can do is to tidy up the Church and put it on a businesslike basis.' He knew that even if the Church produced a race of Temples they would still need to live and eat, and this they could not do while they were forced to live in vast houses on miserable incomes. The parson's lot is still a difficult one, but it has improved beyond all recognition as a result of Fisher's administrative policy.

"Much as I worship at the Temple shrine, I sometimes wonder what would have happened to the domestic affairs of the Church if he had lived. We might easily have gone bankrupt."

Under Fisher, hundreds of large vicarages have been sold and small modern houses have taken their places. The typical parson's salary has risen to around £550 per year. Fisher has encouraged the amalgamation of parishes, the disposal of unwanted churches and the subsidizing of new churches on housing estates. These have been massive achievements, of which the Church stood in sore need. But they have exacted their price. And the price has been not merely the things that Fisher has done, but the things he has failed to do. "The Church," said one of his critics recently, "is being reduced to the spiritual level of the box file and the card index."

Certainly, under Fisher, the prophet and the wayward genius have not prospered. The episcopal bench of today contrasts strongly with that of thirty years ago, when Randall Davidson was Primate. Davidson had many of the qualities of Fisher, but he welcomed on to the bench independent spirits, many of whom publicly opposed him—Gore, Temple, Hensley Henson, Barnes. The bishops who have been appointed since Fisher became Primate have been of a different type—hard-working, kindly, loyal, unimaginative men, devoted administrators, unlikely ever to get out of step.

And Fisher does unto others as he expects them to do unto him. He moves circumspectly on any issue which might bring him into conflict with authority. He was opposed to the government's action on Suez, and said publicly that he was "disturbed." But when this comment brought furious protests he at once shut up.

His criticisms of the government's Cyprus policy at the time of the deportation of Archbishop Makarios brought sharp rebukes from Sir Anthony Eden, R. A. Butler and the Colonial Secretary. Fisher did not repeat them.

Perhaps he is at his worst when dealing with such issues as the hydrogen bomb or international relationships. When resolutions on such subjects have been before the Church Assembly or the British Council of Churches, he has usually managed to turn them into meaningless platitudes.

He makes no attempt to hide his mistrust of the man who challenges the established order. When Father Trevor Huddleston, the great champion of racial equality in South Africa, returned to Britain, he might well have been welcomed at the station by the archbishop himself if Temple had still been Primate. All he got from Fisher was a cool criticism of his "lack of humility" in handling the South African race problem.

Nor does Fisher conceal his intolerance when dealing with those who have opposed his views. The man who begins a letter, as the archbishop once did, "My dear——, I cannot discuss this matter with you because you are such a fool," is not trying to win the confidence of the recipient.

Nothing in Fisher's life has been likely to make him sympathetic to the rebel. He has never had a parish of his own. He left Oxford University for a teaching job at Marlborough, and when he reached the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed headmaster of Repton, on the recommendation of Temple, who was also his predecessor there. At such an age, to maintain his personal authority over men of greater experience and maturity cannot have been easy, and the effect on his character must have been profound.

Victor Gollancz, the publisher, who was a master at Repton in Fisher's time, has recorded how, on the last day of one term, when the school had broken up, Fisher approached a group of masters, pulling by the ear a boy he had caught putting a chamber-pot on one of the buildings. "Cane him," said Fisher to one of the masters. The master pointed out that the term was over and that the boy was now outside the school jurisdiction. "Cane him," repeated Fisher. "Give him nine." And he stood by while the boy was beaten by the reluctant master.

Fisher left Repton in 1932 to become Bishop of Chester, where once, in his bishop's robes, he collected money for hospitals with a barrel organ in the street playing "When Irish eyes are smiling." But in Church circles the most frequently used nickname for him is still "The Headmaster." Often he seems to look upon his bishops as housemasters and the senior clergy as prefects. And, as in a well-run public school, loyalty and the team spirit are of overriding importance. The headmaster summons a masters' meeting. He tells them what he wants to happen, and he expects them to agree and to pass on the decisions to the prefects. There is no room at his table for the rebel or the awkward customer.

Fisher can no longer cane his pupils

Continued on page 32

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

In his answers to the six questions on page 25, Norman Dodds, M.P., scored three and a half points. He was right over Question 1 but wrong about Question 2. Members bow to the Speaker as the symbol of authority just as they bow to him if they meet him in a corridor.

He was also wrong about Question 3. Although a 1918 Act gave women the vote at the age of thirty, it was not until 1928 that the age limit was reduced to twenty-one, the same as for men.

Dodds was right over Questions 4 and 5 and he had a good guess at Question 6. Centuries ago accounts were reckoned by means of counters placed upon a cloth divided into squares. This chequered cloth gave rise to the word "exchequer."

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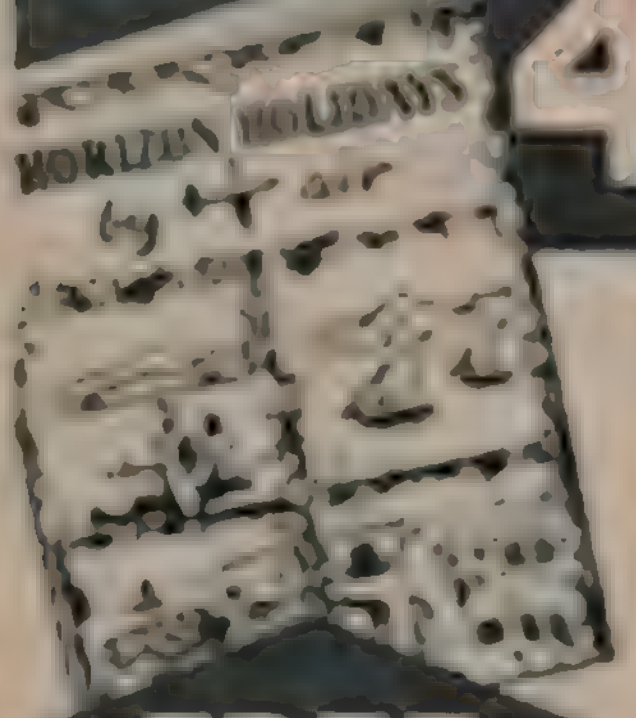

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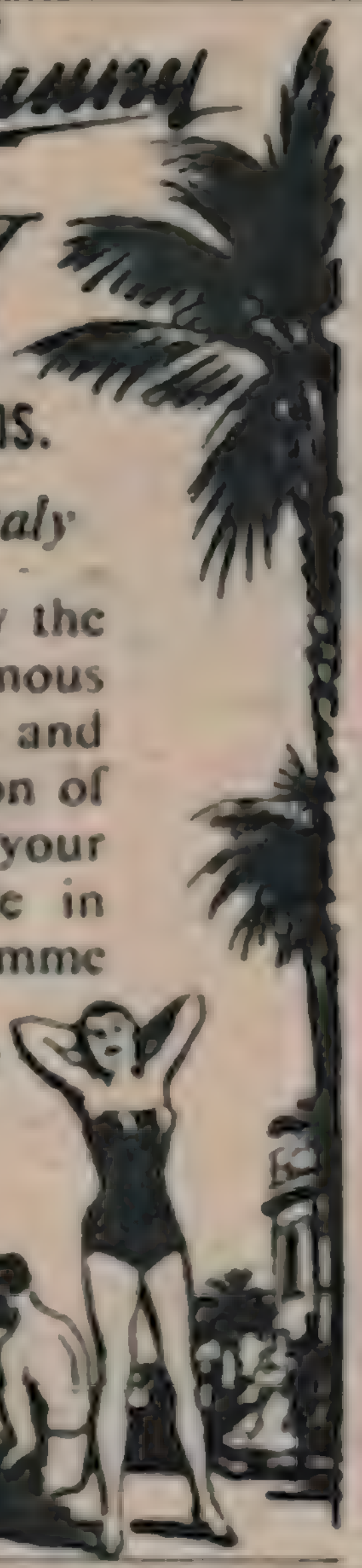

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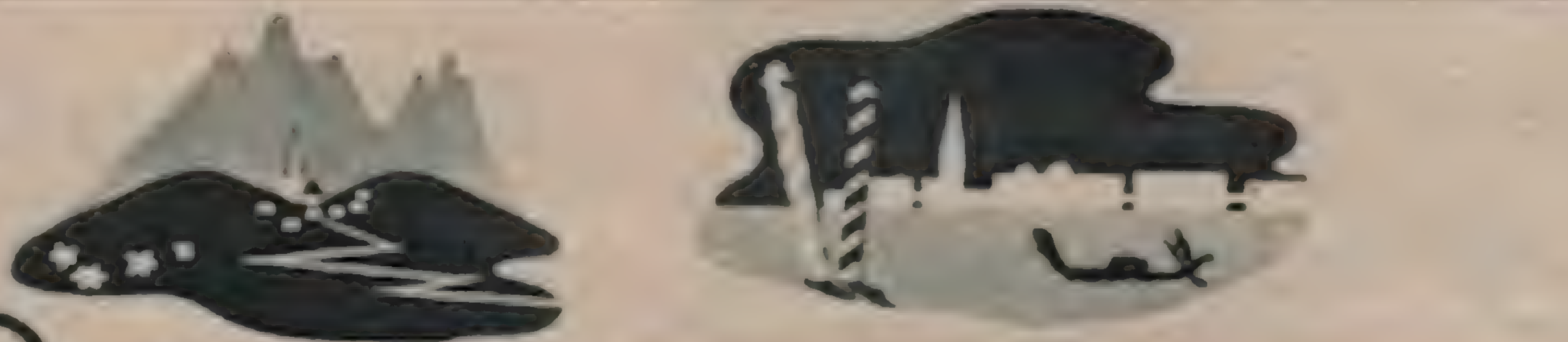

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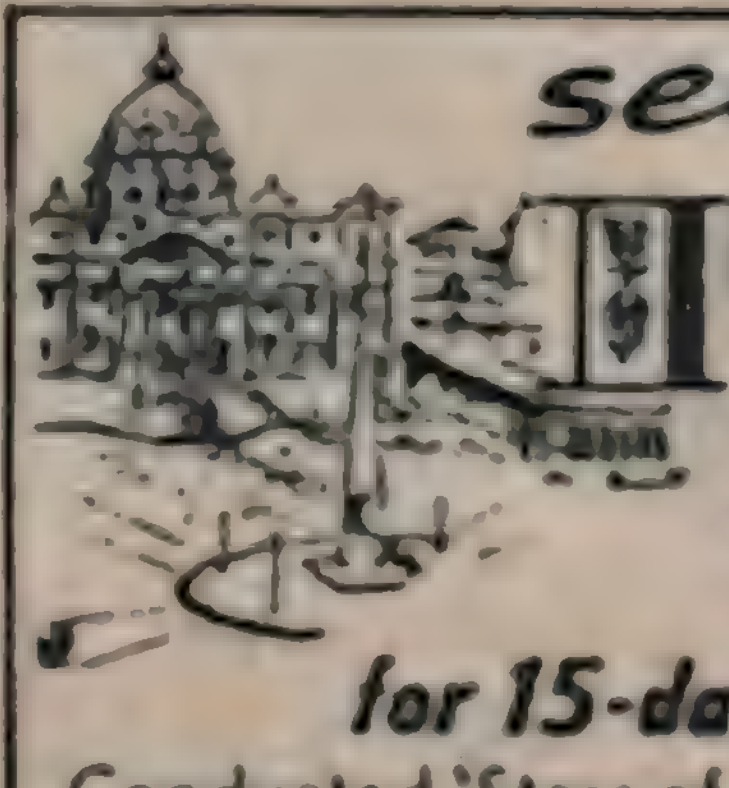

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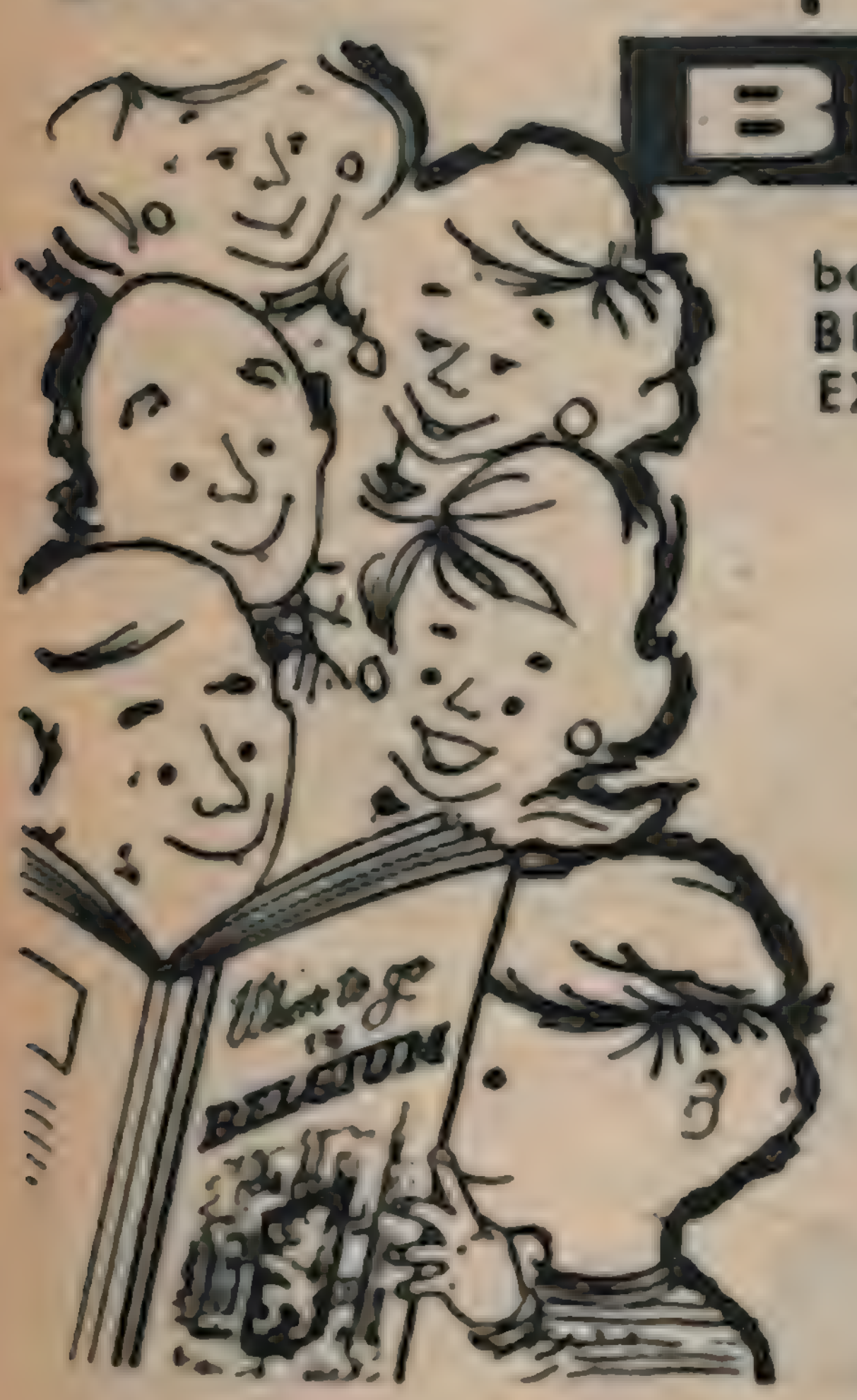
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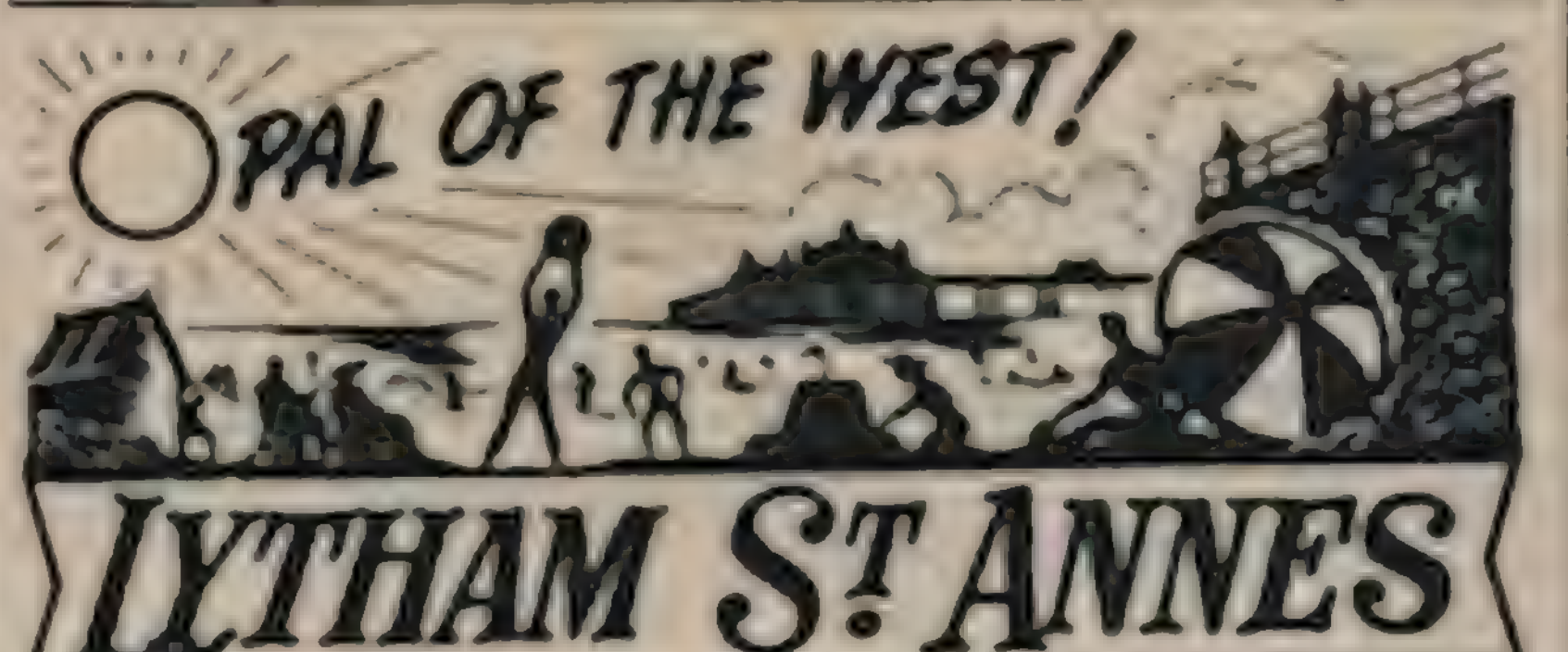

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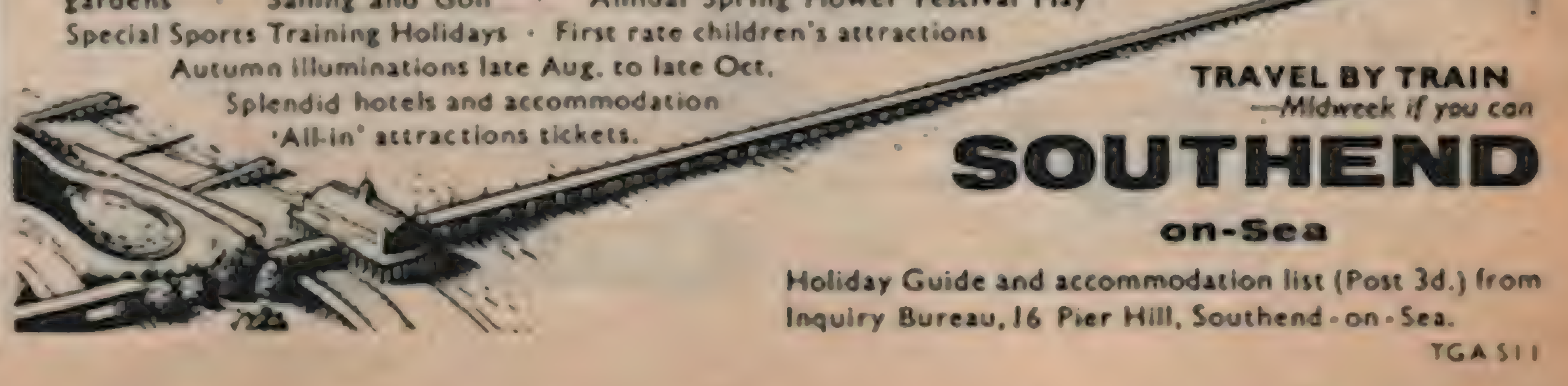

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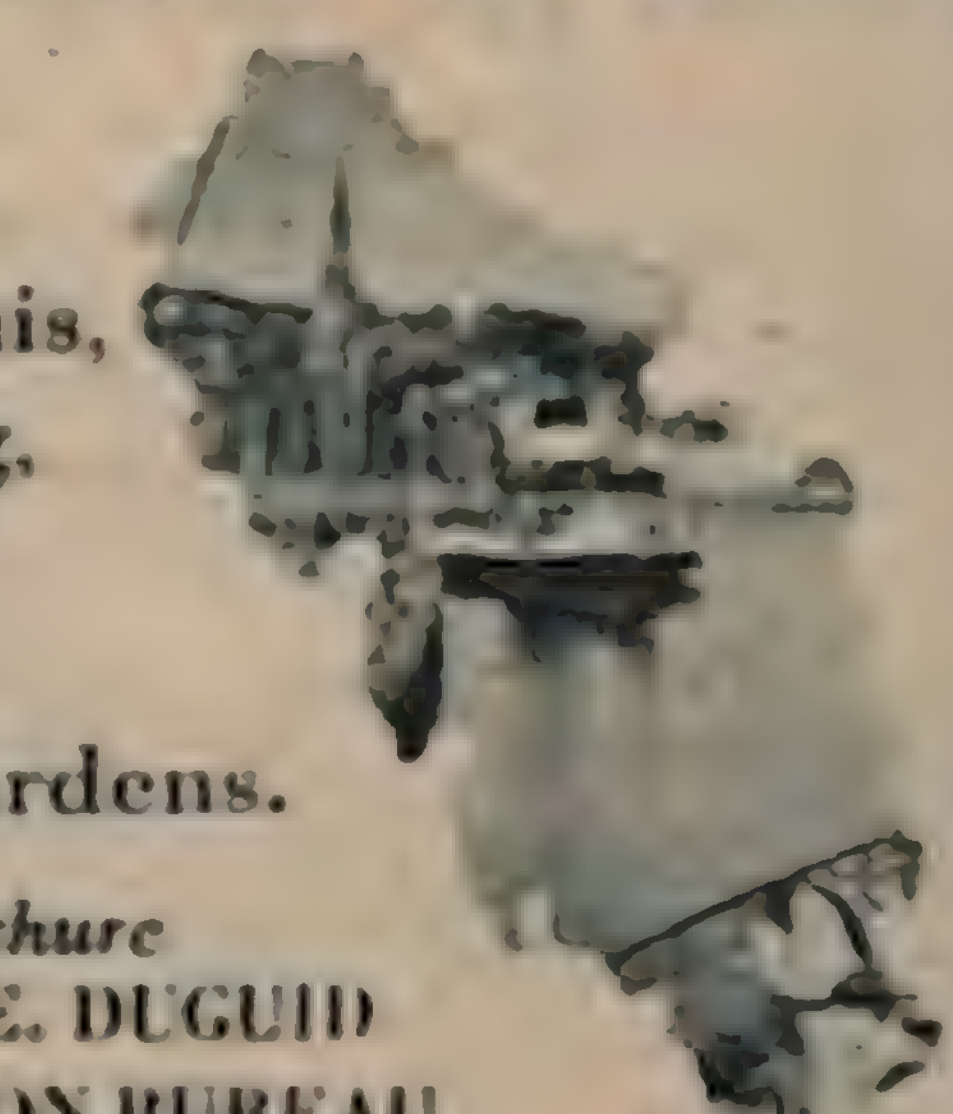

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but he did recently tell the clergy that those who disobeyed his directives (about the remarriage of divorced persons) did so "at their spiritual peril."

Under his direction, the Convocations of the Church have for years devoted much of their energies to the revision of canon law, the purpose of which is to tighten discipline. The revision of the code, which was last dealt with in 1604, will powerfully reinforce the pressure towards conformity in the Church and discourage still further any idiosyncrasies or independence among the clergy.

If the revision of the code were completed during Fisher's primacy, he might well regard its imposition upon the Church as a lasting monument to his career as Archbishop.

"The Church of England is fast becoming authoritarian and legalistic in spirit," bemoaned a leading clergyman recently. Certainly in some areas parish life is coming to be governed by directives from the bishops resembling army orders. A document issued in Manchester is headed "Bishop's Directions About Lay-Administration of the Chalice."

The document says, in effect, that if parish clergy find themselves faced at Holy Communion with larger numbers than they can cope with, they may call upon the help of properly accredited lay readers or other officials of the Church. But even so simple a direction is set out in the form of an elaborate operation order with three main headings and twelve sub-sections. It covers a quarto sheet of paper, close-typed.

It is unlikely that Fisher approves in detail of such regimentation. But it has his general approval, and it accords with his basic character. One of his favourite holiday activities is hedging and ditching, reducing the wildness of nature to neat and manageable shape. He does it with great skill and unquestionable craftsmanship, using always the correct implements. His delight in the results of his labours is manifest.

His acute analytical mind approaches most problems with the same clarity and the same desire to tidy up. At a meeting of bishops or in committee, he will, in a few moments, strip the thorniest problem of all inessentials, separate the components, deal with each detail in turn and leave his hearers temporarily wondering what they had been worrying about. His logic is irreproachable but, at the end, the main issue will not have been touched. Later on Fisher will be genuinely puzzled to find that disagreement still exists after he has explained everything.

He can get very angry with those who continue to oppose him, and it is not uncommon for him to address a recalcitrant clergyman as if he were a naughty boy in the lower fourth. But he is not afraid to apologize. Often, the offended clergyman will receive the next day a letter of contrite apology in Fisher's personal hand. And his sense of fair play is strong. His expressed views are usually directly opposed to those of the "Red" Dean of Canterbury. But he made a magnificent speech in the House of Lords some years ago defending the Dean's right to say what he believed to be true.

And he was not afraid to offend half the young women of Britain by saying publicly that a couple of hours' work as a nurse were worth twenty-five years as a typist.

He is a man of sincere piety and he expects it in others. All his days begin at an early hour in chapel with his personal staff. Far too often for his health he is hard at work until after midnight.

Sometimes the strain tells, even on the rigidly self-disciplined archbishop. When he is at Lambeth Palace, he usually reads the lessons in chapel at daily matins and evensong. On one occasion he came straight to the service after several hours of dictating letters to his secretary. To the astonishment of the congregation, instead of pronouncing the words "Here endeth the second lesson" he intoned "Yours sincerely. . . ."

He proclaims himself a Victorian, but he is less unbending than the description implies. Unlike many of his predecessors he rarely visits clubs (he is a member of the Athenaeum, but is seldom seen there). His preference is for family life. His wife Rosamond, daughter of a housemaster at Repton when Fisher was head, is a strong-minded woman and rules Lambeth Palace with a firmness which the less disciplined among the residents sometimes find too much for them. She takes a wifely pride in Fisher's success and refers to him endearingly as "My archbishop." In her views, she is as staunch as her husband. A wit once remarked that Fisher speaks with two voices, the voice of Rosamond and the voice of Geoffrey.

The Fishers have six sons, and when they were younger Fisher was not above taking them on to the lawn with a football and holding his own with them. His sons may regard him with reverence, but not by any means with awe. One of them married a Roman Catholic. Fisher did not attend the wedding.

Last year, the Primate raised a storm when he told Lichfield Diocesan Conference that the Roman Catholic Church in Britain was waging an open war against the Church of England. And he raised another when, commenting on the government's appointment of three "Wise Men" to advise on controlling inflation, he wrote in his Diocesan Notes: "What is needed even more than impartiality is authority, authority to speak with wisdom, to be listened to and obeyed." As usual, Fisher ignored the criticisms, even the barbed jibe that he is so wedded to an outdated hierarchical conception of society that he cannot give a lead in the Britain of today.

He has never given an indication that he aspires to leadership in that sense. Despite his intellectual gifts he has written no books. If he has creative ability, he has submerged it under his brilliance as an administrator. Since he became Primate, the Church has been overhauled, dragged back from the edge of bankruptcy and turned into a going concern.

For Fisher that may be enough. One day, while he was walking in the street, a lorry driver leaned down from his cab to ask if he was really the Archbishop.

"Yes," said Fisher. "And what do you do?"

"I deliver the goods."

"And so do I," came the Archbishop's gay reply.

THE END

To A Medieval Workman

by MARGARET WILLY

Here, where aspiring arch or pillar raises
Its marble anthem to the timeless sky,
My thought slips back to you who wrought God's praises
With singing mind and grave, unerring eye.
I see you carving out your cosmic wonder——
Some gay device of birds or fleur-de-lys——
The teeming universe all yours to plunder
And chisel from rough stone's austerity.

Today a blind age gropes for that untainted
Vision the soul's humility discerned
Eight centuries past, when skilled hands' patient art
Shaped this saint's head, or Mary's mantle painted:
Lend us your faith-filled eyes, O you who learned
The secret wisdom of the childlike heart!

YOUR DINNER IS IN THE COOKERY BOOK PAGE 5
EARY

Hornblower and the Spanish slaver

Continued from page 9

been re-implanted in his mind, was more attractive to Hornblower than ever. But it was hard to go below with a pursuit being so hotly conducted.

"Take that bearing again before I decide," he temporized.

Gerard walked to the binnacle again. "Bearing's opening steadily, My Lord," he reported. "She must be drawing ahead fast."

"Clearly so," said Spendlove, telescope trained out towards the Estrella. "And it looks—it looks as if she's hauling on her sheets. Maybe. . . ."

Hornblower had whipped his telescope to his eyes on the instant. "She's gybing over," he pronounced. "See how she comes round, by George!"

Estrella must have a bold captain and a well-trained crew. They had hauled in on her sheets and had stood ready at her topsail braces. Then, with the helm hard over, she had spun round on her heel.

Her whole beautiful profile was now presented to Hornblower's telescope. She was headed to cross Clorinda's bows from starboard to port, and not too far ahead either.

"Damned insolence!" said Hornblower, but full of admiration for the daring and skill displayed.

Fell was standing close by, staring at the impertinent schooner. He was rigid, even though the wind was flapping his coat-tails round him. For a few seconds it seemed as if the two vessels were heading towards a common point, where they must meet. But the impression soon passed. Thanks to her two knots superiority in speed, and thanks also to her superior handiness and weatherliness, the Estrella was literally making a circle round the Clorinda.

"She's built for speed, My Lord," said Spendlove.

So was Clorinda, but with a difference. Clorinda was a fighting ship, built to carry seventy tons of artillery, with forty tons of powder and shot in her magazines. It was no shame to her that she should be outsailed and outmanoeuvred by such a vessel as the Estrella.

"I fancy she'll make for San Juan, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

Fell's face bore an expression of helpless fury as he swung round on his admiral; it was with an obvious effort that he restrained himself from pouring out his rage, presumably in a torrent of blasphemy.

"It's—it's . . ." he spluttered.

"It's enough to madden a saint," said Hornblower.

Clorinda had been ideally stationed, twenty miles to windward of San Juan; Estrella had run practically into her arms, so to speak, and had yet dodged neatly round her and had won for herself a clear run to the port.

"I'll see him damned for this, My Lord," said Fell. "Quartermaster!"

There was now the long run ahead to San Juan, one point off the wind, in what was practically a race with an even start. Fell laid a course for San Juan; it was obvious that Estrella, comfortably out of range on the starboard beam, was heading for the same point. Both ships had the wind practically abeam; this long run would be a final test of the sailing qualities of the two ships.

Fell was in the deadliest earnest, and not from any philanthropic feelings about slavery either. It was the head money he wanted.

"About that breakfast, My Lord . . ." said Gerard.

An officer was touching his hat to Fell with the request that it might be considered noon.

"Make it so," said Fell.

The welcome cry of "Up spirits" rang through the ship.

"Breakfast, My Lord?" asked Gerard again.

"Let's wait and see how we do on this course," said Hornblower. He saw something of dismay in Gerard's face and laughed. "It's a question of your breakfast, I fancy, as well as mine. You've had nothing this morning?"

"No, My Lord."

"I starve my young men, I see," said Hornblower, looking from Gerard to Spendlove; but the latter's expression was peculiarly unchanging, and Hornblower remembered all he knew about him. "I'll wager a guinea that Spendlove hasn't spent the morning fasting."

The suggestion was answered by a wide grin. "I am no sailor, My Lord," said Spendlove. "But I have learned one thing while I have been at sea, and that is to snatch at any meal that makes its appearance."

"So, while your admiral has been starving, you have been walking this deck with a full belly? Shame on you."

"I feel that shame as deeply as the situation merits, My Lord." Spendlove obviously had all the tact that an admiral's secretary needed to have.

"Hands to the main-brace," bellowed Fell.

Clorinda was hurtling along over the blue sea with the wind abeam; it was her best point of sailing, and Fell was doing all he could to get the very best out of her.

Hornblower looked over at Estrella. "I fancy we're falling behind," he said.

"I think so too, My Lord," said Gerard, after a glance in the same direction. He walked over and took a bearing, and Fell glared at him with irritation before turning to Hornblower.

"I hope you will agree, My Lord," he said, "that Clorinda has done all a ship can do?"

"Certainly, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower. Fell really meant to say that no fault could be found with his handling of the ship; and Hornblower, while convinced that he himself could have handled her better, had no doubt that in any case Estrella would have evaded capture.

"There goes five hundred pounds," said Fell, bitterly. Assuredly he was in need of money. "Quartermaster! Bear up a point. Hands to the braces!" He brought Clorinda a little closer to the wind and studied her behaviour before turning back to Hornblower. "I'll not give up the chase until I'm compelled, My Lord," he said.

"Quite right," agreed Hornblower.

There was something of resignation, something of despair, in Fell's expression. It was not only the thought of the lost money that troubled him, Hornblower realized. The report that Fell had tried to capture the Estrella, and had failed, almost ludicrously, would reach their Lordships of the Admiralty, of course. Even if Hornblower's own report minimized the failure, it would still be a failure.

That meant that Fell would never be employed again after his present two years' appointment had expired. For every captain with a command in the Royal Navy now, there were twenty at least hungry for commands. The slightest lapse would be seized upon as reason for ending a man's career; it could not be otherwise.

Fell was now looking forward apprehensively to spending the rest of his life on half pay. No wonder that his usually red cheeks had a grey tinge.

The slight alteration of course Fell had ordered was really a final admission of defeat. Clorinda was retaining her windward position only at the cost of seeing Estrella draw more rapidly ahead.

"But I fear she'll beat us easily into San Juan," went on Fell with admirable stoicism. Right ahead the purple smear on the horizon that marked the hills of Puerto Rico was growing loftier and more defined. "What orders have you for me in that case, My Lord?"

"What water have you left on board?" asked Hornblower in return.

"Five tons, My Lord. Say six days at short allowance."

"Six days," repeated Hornblower, mostly to himself. It was a tiresome complication. The nearest British territory was a hundred miles to windward.

LETTERS—3

Letters have all the tenderness and the delicacy of speech, and sometimes even a boldness of expression beyond it.

Heloise to Abelard

"I had to try the effect of lightening the ship, My Lord," said Fell.

"I know, I know." Hornblower always felt testy when somebody tried to excuse himself. "Well, we'll follow Estrella in, if we don't catch her first."

"It will be an official visit, My Lord?" asked Gerard, quickly.

"It can hardly be anything else with my flag flying," said Hornblower. He took no pleasure in official visits. "We may as well kill two birds with one stone. It's time I called on the Spanish authorities, and we can fill up with water at the same time."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

A visit of ceremony in a foreign port meant many calls on the activity of Hornblower's staff—but not as many as on him, he told himself with irritation.

"I'll have my breakfast before anything else comes to postpone it," he said. The perfect good humour of the morning had quite evaporated. . . .

When he came on deck again, the failure to intercept Estrella was painfully obvious. The schooner was a full three miles ahead, and had weathered upon Clorinda until the latter lay almost in her wake. The coast of Puerto Rico was very well defined now. Estrella was entering into territorial waters and was perfectly safe.

All hands were hard at work in every part of the ship bringing everything into that condition of perfection which a British ship must display when entering a foreign port. The deck had been brought to a whiteness quite dazzling in the tropical sun; the metal work was equally dazzling—painful when the eye received a direct reflection; gleaming cutlasses and pikes were ranged in decorative patterns on the bulkhead aft; white cotton lines were being rove everywhere, with elaborate Turk's heads.

"Very good, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower approvingly.

"Authority in San Juan is represented by a captain-general, My Lord," said Spendlove.

"Yes. I shall have to call upon him," agreed Hornblower. "Sir Thomas, I shall be obliged if you will accompany me."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

"Ribbons and stars, I fear, Sir Thomas."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

Fell had received his knighthood of the Bath after a desperate frigate action back in 1813. It had been a tribute to his courage, if not to his professional abilities.

"Schooner's taking a pilot on board," hailed the masthead lookout.

"Very well."

"Our turn shortly," said Hornblower. "Time to array ourselves for our hosts. They will be grateful, I hope, that our arrival will take place after the hour of the siesta."

It was also the hour when the sea breeze was beginning to blow. The pilot they took on—a big, handsome quadroon—took the ship in without a moment's difficulty, although, naturally, Fell stood beside him consumed with anxiety. Hornblower, free from any such responsibility, was able to go forward to the gangway and examine the approaches to the city; it was a time of peace, but Spain had been an enemy before and might perhaps be an enemy again, and at least nothing would be lost if he knew as much as possible about the defences first hand.

It did not take very long to perceive why San Juan had never been attacked—not to speak of captured—by the numerous enemies of Spain during the long life of the city. It was ringed by a lofty wall of stout masonry, with ditches and bastions, moats and drawbridges.

On the lofty bluff overlooking the entrance, Morro Castle covered the approaches with artillery; there was another fortress—which must be San Cristobal—and battery succeeded battery along the waterfront, with heavy guns visible in the embrasures.

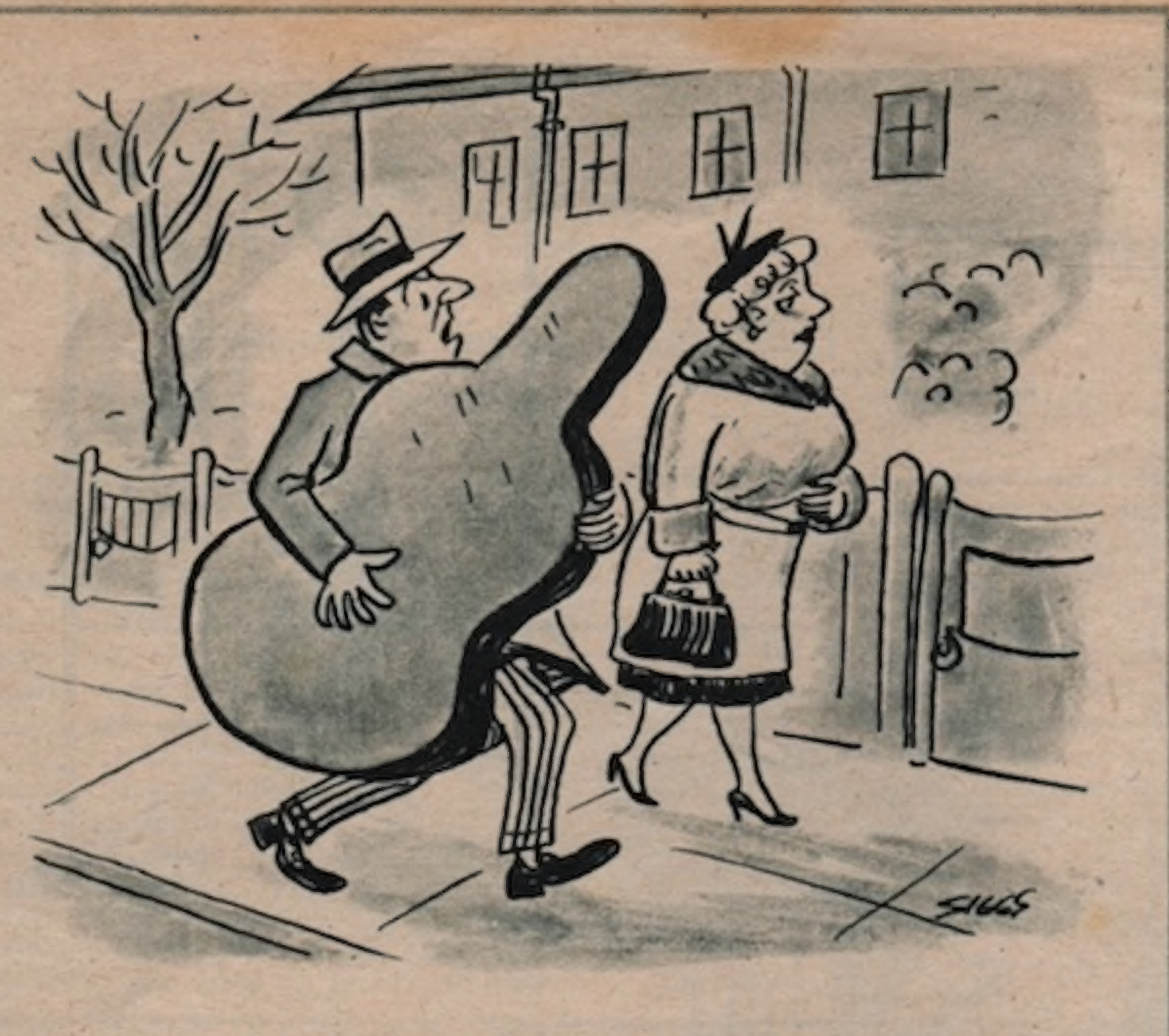
The sea breeze brought them up the entrance passage; there was the usual momentary anxiety about whether the Spaniards were prepared to salute his flag, but the anxiety was speedily allayed as the guns in the Morro began to bang out their reply. Hornblower held himself stiffly to attention as the ship glided in, the forecastle saluting carronade firing at admirably regular intervals.

The hands took in the canvas with a rapidity that did them credit—Hornblower was watching unobtrusively from under the brim of his cocked hat—and then Clorinda rounded-to and the anchor cable rumbled through the hawsehole.

A deeply sunburned officer in a fine uniform came up the side and announced himself, in passable English, as the port medical officer, and received Fell's declaration that Clorinda had experienced no infectious disease during the past twenty-one days.

A brief gesture from Gerard pointed out what Hornblower had already observed—the Estrella del Sur in her gleaming white paint lying at the pier close beside them. A file of soldiers, in blue coats with white crossbelts, was drawn up on the pier, standing somewhat negligently under the command of a sergeant. From within the hold of the schooner came a most lamentable noise—prolonged and doleful wailings.

Then a string of naked Negroes came climbing with difficulty up through the hatchway. They could hardly walk—in fact some of them could not walk at all, but fell to their hands and knees



"As I happened to have it with me, at least they could have asked me to play"

and crawled in that fashion over the deck and on to the pier. The captain of the Estrella was obviously taking this opportunity of giving his perishable cargo a thorough airing.

A hail from overside distracted Hornblower and his young flag lieutenant. A boat with the Spanish flag at the bow was approaching; sitting in the sternsheets was an officer in a brilliant gold-laced uniform that reflected back the setting sun.

"Here comes Authority," said Hornblower.

The side was manned and the officer came aboard to the trilling of the pipes of the bosun's mates, very correctly raising his hand in salute. Hornblower walked over to join Fell in receiving him. He spoke in Spanish, and Hornblower was aware that Fell had none of that language.

"Major Mendez-Castillo," the officer announced himself. "First and principal aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Captain-General of Puerto Rico." He was tall and slender, with a thin moustache; he looked cautiously, without committing himself, at the two officers in their red ribbons and stars and glittering epaulettes, who were receiving him.

"Welcome, Major," said Hornblower. "I am Rear-Admiral Lord Hornblower, Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in West Indian waters. May I present Captain Sir Thomas Fell, commanding His Britannic Majesty's Ship Clorinda?"

Mendez-Castillo bowed to each of them, his relief at knowing which was which faintly apparent.

"Welcome to Puerto Rico, Your Excellency," he said. "We had, of course, heard that the famous Lord Hornblower was now Commander-in-Chief here, and we had long hoped for the honour of a visit from him."

"Many thanks," said Hornblower.

"And welcome to you and to your ship, Captain," added Mendez-Castillo.

Fell bowed awkwardly in reply—interpretation was unnecessary.

"I am instructed by His Excellency," went on Mendez-Castillo, "to inquire if there is any way in which His Excellency can be of service to Your Excellency on the notable occasion of this visit?"

In Spanish the phrasing of the pompous sentence was even more difficult than in English. And, as Mendez-Castillo spoke, his glance wavered momentarily towards the Estrella; obviously all the details of the Clorinda's attempted interception were already known, but something in the major's attitude conveyed the impression that the subject of the Estrella was not open to discussion.

"We intend to make only a brief stay, Major. Captain Fell is anxious to renew the water supply of his ship," said Hornblower, and Mendez-Castillo's expression softened at once.

"Of course," he said, hastily. "Nothing could be easier. I will give instructions to the captain of the port to afford Captain Fell every facility."

"You are too kind, Major," said Hornblower. Bows were exchanged again, Fell joining in, although unaware of what had been said.

"His Excellency has also instructed me," said Mendez-Castillo, "that he hopes for the honour of a visit from Your Excellency."

"I had hoped that His Excellency would be kind enough to invite me," Hornblower said.

"His Excellency will be charmed to hear it. His Excellency would be charmed to receive Your Excellency at eight o'clock this evening, along with the members of Your Excellency's staff, at La Fortaleza, the Palace of Santa Catalina."

"His Excellency is too good. We shall be delighted, naturally."

"I shall inform His Excellency. Perhaps Your Excellency would find it convenient if I were to come on board at that time to escort Your Excellency and Your Excellency's party?"

"We shall be most grateful, Major."

The major took his leave after a final reference to the captain of the port and the watering of the ship. Hornblower explained briefly to Fell.

"Aye, aye, My Lord," said Fell.

Here came another visitor, up the port side of the ship, a squat, heavily built man in dazzling white linen, wearing a broad-brimmed hat which he took off with scrupulous politeness as he reached the quarterdeck. Hornblower watched him address himself to the midshipman of the watch, and saw the latter hesitate, trying to decide whether he should grant the request.

"Very well, Midshipman," said Hornblower. "What does the gentleman want?" This might be an opportunity of making contact with the shore other than through official channels—something always desirable, and peculiarly so at this moment.

The visitor came forward; a pair of bright, quizzical blue eyes studied Hornblower closely as he did so.

"My Lord?" he said. He at least could recognize an admiral's uniform when he saw it.

"Yes. I am Admiral Lord Hornblower."

"I fear to trouble you with my business, My Lord." The visitor spoke English like an Englishman; like a Tynesider, perhaps, but obviously as if he had not spoken it for years.

"What is it?"

"I came on board to address myself to your steward, My Lord, and to the president of the wardroom mess, and to the purser. . . . I am the principal ship chandler of the port. Beef cattle, My Lord, chickens, eggs, fresh bread, fruits, vegetables."

"What is your name?"

"Eduardo Stuart—Edward Stuart, My Lord. Second mate of the brig Columbine, out of London. Captured back in 1806, My Lord, and brought in here as a prisoner. I made friends here and, when the Dons changed sides in 1808, I set up as ship chandler, and here I've been ever since."

Hornblower studied the speaker as keenly as the speaker was studying him. He could guess at much of what was left unsaid. He could guess at a fortunate marriage, and probably at a change of religion—unless Stuart had been born a Catholic, as was possible enough.

"And I am at your service, My Lord," went on Stuart, meeting Hornblower's gaze without flinching.

"In a moment I'll let you speak to the purser," said Hornblower. "But tell me first, what impression has our arrival made here?"

Stuart's face crinkled into a grin. "The whole town was out watching your chase of the Estrella del Sur, My Lord."

"I guessed as much."

"They all rejoiced when they saw her escape you. When the people saw you sailing in, they manned the shore batteries."

"Indeed?"

The Royal Navy's reputation for prompt action, both daring and high-handed, must still be very much alive if there could be even a momentary fear that a single frigate would attempt to snatch a prize from out of the shelter of a port as well guarded as San Juan.

"In ten minutes your name was being spoken in all the streets, My Lord."

Hornblower's keen glance reassured him that he was not being paid an idle compliment.

"And what is the Estrella going to do now?" he asked.

"She has only come in to land a few sickly slaves and renew with water, My Lord. It's a poor market for slaves here. She sails for Havana at once, as soon as she can be sure of your movements."

"At once?"

"The Spaniard sails at dawn tomorrow—unless, of course, your ship is lying outside the port."

"I don't expect it will be," said Hornblower.

"Then she'll sail without a doubt, My Lord. She'll want to get her cargo landed and sold in Havana before Spain signs the convention."

"I understand," said Hornblower.

Now what was this? Here were the old symptoms, as recognizable as ever, the quickened heartbeat, the feeling of warmth under the skin, the general restlessness. In his mind was some stirring of an idea.

He could not help glancing over at the Estrella, sizing up the tactical situation, seeking further inspiration there, testing what he already had in mind.

It was all he could do to thank Stuart politely for his information without betraying the excitement he felt, and without terminating the interview with suspicious abruptness. A word to Fell made certain that Stuart would receive the business of supplying the Clorinda, and Hornblower waved away Stuart's thanks. Hornblower turned away with as great an appearance of nonchalance as he could manage.

There was plenty of bustle over there by the Estrella, just as there was round the Clorinda, with preparations being made for filling the water casks. It was hard to think in the heat and the noise. It was hard to face the cluttered deck.

And darkness was approaching. Then would come eight o'clock, when he would be making his call upon the captain-general, and obviously everything must be thought out before that. And there were complications. Successive ideas were arising, one out of another like Chinese boxes, and each one in turn had to be examined for flaws.

The sun was down into the hills, leaving a flaming sky behind, when Hornblower came to his final resolution.

"Spendlove!" he snapped, curt with excitement. "Come below with me."

To be continued next week

© *by C. S. Forester, 1958*

LETTERS—4

As long as there are postmen, life will have zest.

William James

Happy anniversary

Continued from page 15

to the station with them. He had to go along, of course, and that meant he would be later than ever getting back to Rose.

When it was all over, he was about to ask if the police car could run him home, but suddenly he recollected why he had called on old Goldsmith in the first place; it would look decidedly odd if he asked for the car to stop there, and the police saw him collect a large box of chocolates.

They might think it was a gift from the grateful shopkeeper. He would have to walk.

He had a cup of tea and a wash at the station. It was nine o'clock, he saw, as he left. He was now three hours late for what remained of their anniversary. But he felt so battered and aching now that he was beyond contrition.

He had mentioned to Mr. Goldsmith that he would be returning, and why, and the box was waiting for him, already wrapped. The old fellow was wound up to talk and talk, but Conway, scarcely able to keep his eyes open, made a quick departure.

And then, thank God, he was on the way home.

He pushed open his gate, feeling like a sleep walker, found his key and turned it in the lock. He was too tired to be circumspect and went right into the living-room, coat and hat still on, with the box of chocolates held in front of him. Rose was knitting as she watched the television in front of the fire, and he bent and kissed her. She didn't say anything, just smiled, and he sat down on the other chair, too tired even to take off his hat and coat. He watched, smiling wearily as she walked over and sat on his knee to open the parcel.

"Sorry I'm so late, Rosie," he said. "Tonight especially."

She was warm and soft from the fire.

"Tired?" she asked.

"M'm."

"Eaten?"

"I don't want anything. Stay here."

"What crimes have you got on your conscience?"

"None," he said, resting his head against her bosom. "None at all."

"It's the first time you've been on time with your present. It's not till tomorrow, you know."

"Tomorrow?" he said, and stretched his head back to look at her. "How do you mean, tomorrow?"

But he saw in the same moment the mistake he had made. That knot in his handkerchief—he had tied it as he passed the flower stall at five *this* morning, not yesterday; this morning, the early, forgotten part of this same long, horrible day.

"Regretting your apology now?" she asked, smiling at his stupefaction.

"No. No," he said.

He was still working it out. There had been no need for him, then, to go round to old Goldsmith's place; no need to get hurt again. But he didn't regret that, either. Somebody had to do these things. And he knew he would go on doing them. There would be plenty of apologies he'd still have to make to Rose. . . .

He closed his eyes and said softly: "No regrets at all, Rosie, love. Happy tomorrow, ten times over." And he fell asleep like that. THE END

WHO'S NEXT TO RUB the MAGIC LAMP?

Here's Mr. W. Donaghy (13a Windsor Road, Boscombe) rubbing the Bullets Magic Lamp last year. His wishes fulfilled were: a radio for his father, a giant hamper for a friend and a super electric shaver for himself

YOU? Well, why not? Already ten Bullets winners have rubbed the lamp and found their wishes fulfilled. It brought them such exciting extras as a holiday in London, gold watch, knitting machine, portable typewriter, fitted tool chest, vacuum cleaner, washing machine and canteen of cutlery.

Win this week's First for FUN WITH WORDS—then *you* can have three rubs at the lamp to celebrate your big success. And there's £75 extra cash waiting to bring your "Three Wishes" true.

Start now on words for your coupon below. There are 1,620 must-be-won prizes, plus those £10 "Golden Wishbone" fowls—post by Monday, February 3!

Win £500 CASH 1st PRIZE —or £450 PLUS 3 WISHES

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100 "Double Six" Prizes **1,500** 2-in-1 Awards each with £1,000 surprise

£10 "GOLDEN WISHBONE" FOWLS

Extras this week are succulent 5-lb. SURREY FOWLS—see details on coupon. And ONE of them has a £10 WISHBONE...it may be YOURS!

WAY TO WIN Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Workman John
The Royal Road
Mountains Of Money
That Old Magic
All She Wants
Robot Ivan
If We All Go To It
The Doctor's Day
One Sniff Of Success And
Those Bloodstains
Ship Of The Skies
Never Stops
Man With A Microphone
Getting Serious
After All The Palaver
Soap And Water
Idol Of The Bobbysoxers
A Frail Little Thing
Grandpa's A Bit Deaf, But
In A Tumbledown Shack

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

On Uncle Sam's...............
Must Like.......................
Wouldn't It Be..............If
Reward For ....
Hurled At.......................
That...........In The Window

EXAMPLE
....
BULLET
EX.
....
B.
EX.
....
B.
EX.
....
B.
EX.
....
B.

SURREY FOWLS A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,126 Closing Postmark MONDAY, FEB. 3

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

P.O. Value.....

No. ....

Signed...

Address...

....

ENTRY FEE 6d. PER "BULLET"

UNIQUE BULLETIN 29th BIRTHDAY GIFT

Enclose this Gift Label with your coupon for Bullets No. 2,126 this week—you receive February 8 *Bulletin* PLUS unique Golden Folio of 1957 First Prize Bullets, each with "Spotlight" commentary to help you win in 1958.

Name...

Address...

....858

FREE and POST FREE

HIS £500 WISH CAME TRUE!

"BULLETS" No. 2,121 RESULT—FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Week of Surprises: R. J. Roberts, 2 Glyn Terrace, Tredegar, Mon.

Skyscraper Prices—"Grab" Dug Foundation For.

£25: A. Turville, Flat 1, Grace House, Sydenham Avenue, London, S.E.26: Atomic Dust—World—Whoever Crushes Whom!

£10: D. Green, 37 Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham: Skyscraper Prices—*Won't* Save "Precious Land."

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. Brown, 73 Hertley Close, London, S.E.4: In Our Little Jack-boots—What Giants We Feel! £8: J. Wallis, 2 Milton Road, London, N.W.7: If He's A Good Husband—At Feet—*Not* "Doormat"! £7: H. Gill, 49 Dover Road, Wyke Regis, Weymouth: Skyscraper Prices—*Modern* Jones "Architect" Of. £6: R. Johnston, 29 Houston Park, Belfast: The Eternal Eve—Sob, Sob, Sob—*Boss*! £5: J. P. A. Homewood, 70 Hamilton Street, Canton, Cardiff: Shining Through The Gloom—Of *Thursday*, Stray Sixpence! £5: Miss N. A. McKeon, 27 Nutfield Gardens, Goodmayes, Ilford: If He's A Good Husband—Notices Dresses—*And* Stresses! £5: L. D. Price, 13 Delvin Road, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol: Believes In Being Accommodating—Kruschev—Many "Taken In"?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 Ronson Lighters and 3,000 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in John Bull dated March 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Feb. 15, for early news of No. 2,126 result.)

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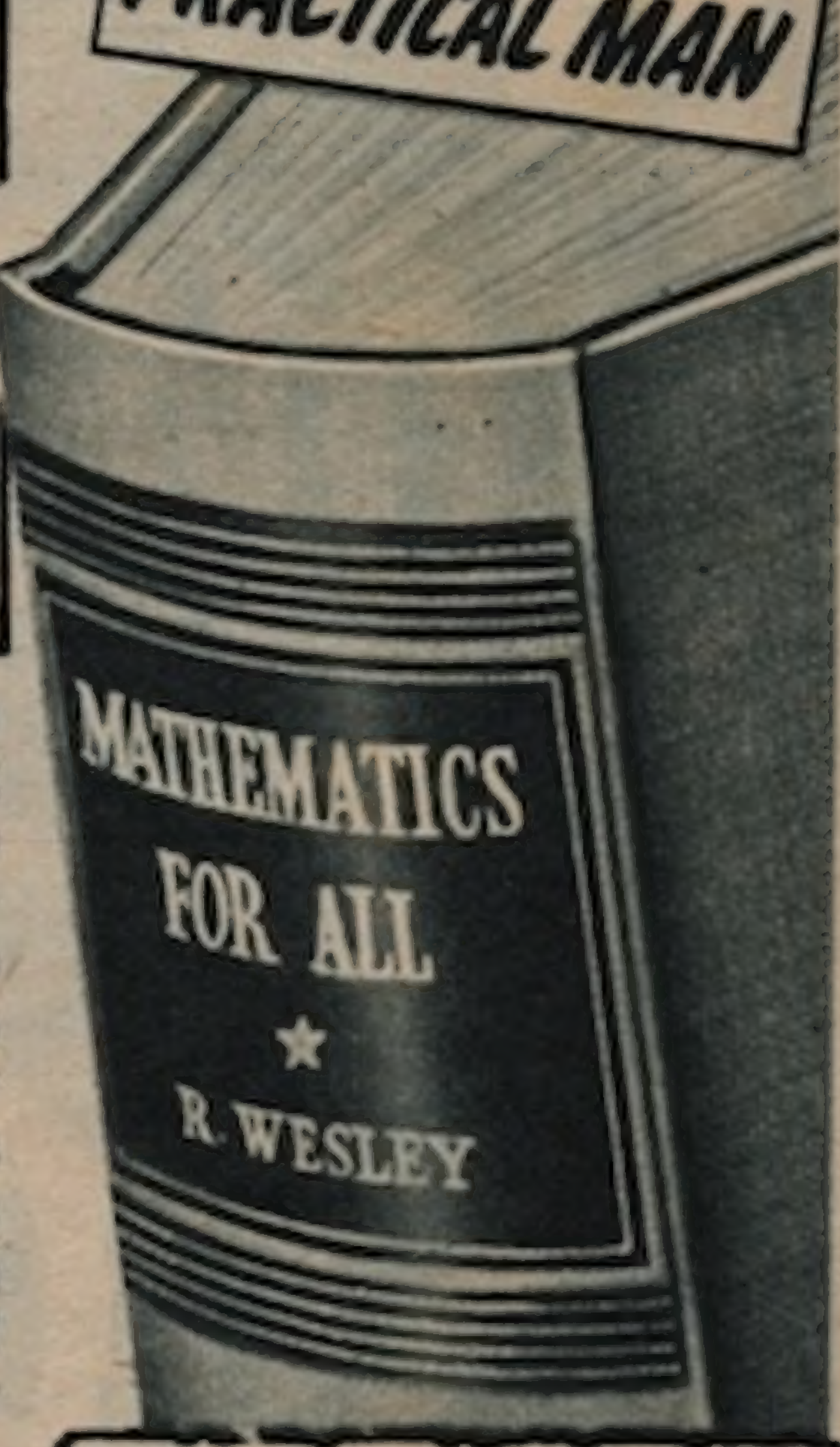

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